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The Day Before Yesterday

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by
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MICKY FLYNN'S father was a policeman. If you believe there are no class distinctions in America you have only to ask yourself if you would be proud if your father was a policeman. If you would, you belong to one class,—if you wouldn't you are at least trying to belong to another. Micky was proud of his paternal ancestor's connection with the force.

Flynn, senior, belonged to the Beauty Traffic Squad and when he held up his hand at the street crossing no emperor exercised a more despotic sway. Trucks and seven thousand dollar limousines halted as if turned to ice while Officer Flynn gallantly escorted some nervous little old lady from curb to curb. I suspect some of his regular protegees used to cross several times unnecessarily just to experience his perfect courtesy. It was worth a dollar of anybody's money to hear him instruct a careless chaffeur in the law of the road.

Considering that there was a bobby in the immediate family Micky was an extraordinarily bad little boy. I don't know that you can count much, though, on how children will act from the kind of men their fathers are. One of the most flirtatious, naughtiest minxes I ever met was the daughter of a minister.

One thing annoyed Micky considerably,—he was undersized for his age. Aside from that, his description would have fitted most of the boys in the James Fenimore Cooper School, just south of the gas works. That is to say, he had red hair that stood at every known angle to his head, a face which seemed to be a summer resort for freckles and a wiry body that knew no fatigue. Most of Micky's acquaintances were worldly wise boys about town who knew a lot more about shooting craps, chasing the growler and such national pastimes than is considered correct for the young men of from ten to fourteen years who happen to be related to the four hundred. The oft expressed ambition of the majority of these confreres of Micky's was to grow big enough to lick a policeman. Just to keep in training for the happy event so eagerly anticipated, they customarily took turns trimming Micky himself because of his hereditary taint. Micky made a wonderful adversary because he got mad quite as easily as D'Artagnan, and on account of his size one could pick a quarrel with him with a reasonable certainty of coming out victorious. So Micky was a popular and almost daily white hope. It is practically an axiom that a champion does not have to fight nearly so often as the seeker after a reputation.

The way Micky took his medicine was more than heroic but no one in his set counted heroism by anything but victory, so Micky was doomed to carry his bruises unhonored and unsung. He was no hero even to his family and his father's nightly greeting was, "Son, let me look at ye. Who give ye the wallop under the eye to-day?" Then his dad would slip a strong blue-sleeved arm around the wee body and pull him up tight against the brass buttons and pat him just hard enough so that Micky got the pleasant sensation of being all

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ready to cry but not doing it.

But never believe that Micky did not hanker after laurels. He had a stifled longing for publicity that would have been a credit to a prima donna. The only time he ever came near to being the centre of attention was the day the teacher thought he was breaking out with scarlet fever. The respect accorded him for the moment by the other boys and the entire teaching staff gave him something the feeling that must have been Caesar's just after dividing all Gaul into three parts. The bubble fame collapsed sickeningly when it was discovered that the wonderful splotches on his complexion were only poison ivy but that brief taste of lime-light ate into his soul and spurred his imagination to the planning of a future which would have landed him in the clutches of a reform school had anyone dreamed what was going on under his red thatch.

MICKY KNEW THAT ON THE STREET HE WOULD BE POINTED OUT AS THE BOY WHOSE PICTURE WAS IN THE PAPER. WHAT IF HE SHOULD NOT LOOK LIKE THE PRINTED LIKENESS?

And then all at once fame, nay, notoriety, lit on Micky's brow and set him, a man apart, upon a mountain top where he could dimly discern his one-time fellows gazing up at him admiringly from their commonplace level below.

News travels fast in a sodality of the poor. Adjacent back fences may account for this to a large degree. Anyway when school let out that day for noon recess everyone along the street which Micky took to go home, knew all about what had happened. Mrs. Stein, the woman who kept the candy store on the corner, was waiting for him in front of her emporium.

"Come here, Micky," she invited, "come in and I gif you some choc'lutes, *du arme kindchen*."

Micky didn't understand what she said in German but the unexpected invitation he accepted wonderingly with just a shade of distrust, because Widow Stein was popularly supposed to be an ogress without a generous fibre in her make-up.

"Maybe if you got some candy you do not feel so bad when you get home, hein?" She patted his head after giving him at least a nickel's worth of a kind of candy she hadn't been able to sell anyway.

The barber in the next block pointed him out to a gentleman who was having his shoes shined at the chair in front of the shop. "That's Flynn's kid,—the little tad. Poor devil." Then he indicated an article in the morning edition of the afternoon paper which the customer read with interest, glancing from time to time at the unconscious Micky.

At home something was obviously wrong,—the beds were unmade, breakfast dishes unwashed and a broom and dust pan were lying conspicuously in the middle of the parlour floor. Mrs. Phelan, the woman next door who took in washing, was bustling around aimlessly in the kitchen, sitting down from time to time to wipe her face on her apron and remark, "I'll be blessed."

"Where's ma?" demanded Micky.

"Oh, oh, I can never tell him," lamented Mrs. Phelan teetering from side to side in her chair, "poor darlin,' your ma is at the hospital."

Micky digested this information. Mrs. Jones, the contractor's wife, who lived in the next street, had gone to the hospital the month before and had returned with twins. A premonition of a kindred calamity chilled Micky to the marrow.

"What's the matter with her?" he questioned.

"'Tain't her,—it's yer dad. Didn't ye hear about the accident down town?"

Micky preserved a stunned silence.

"There was a kid nearly run over by a auto but yer dad saved her, only the machine struck him instead. Poor Mr. Flynn! An' now he's in the hospital an' the paper says he ain't goin' to live. Yer ma went right over an' I left my washing to come over an' tidy up the house."

Mrs. Phelan continued talking but Micky was too dazed to listen. His mind refused to grasp the idea of his father dying. Why, his dad had kissed him goodbye that very morning when he left to go on duty. That was only five or six hours ago and here they were talking about death. Nonsense. Micky ate some bread and butter mechanically and opened a pot of jam which would have been forbidden if his mother had been home.

After lunch Micky had nothing to do and in lieu of instructions from headquarters habit guided him back to school. Evidently he had not been expected because whenever he approached a group of laughing children a sudden hush fell over them and his fellows regarded him curiously as one who has suffered some transformation. He felt his isolation and was vaguely pleased at the prominence of his grief. Even his teacher spoke kindly to him and did not scold him when he spelled phrenology with an "f." She knew, better than he did, what it meant to lose a father. That's why she was teaching a lot of well meaning ruffians all day long and spending her evenings trying to amuse a querulous old lady who talked of nothing but how much better off she had been "before John died." Even old maid school teachers have dreams of rocking little children of their own to sleep, that they have to blot out before they can teach someone else's offspring the unquestioned advantages of long division and physical geography.

There were quite a few of the older boys in the school who called themselves "the gang" who had never allowed Micky to take part in their games. To belong to "the gang" was to Micky's mind an honor similar to being elected president of the United States. His surprise, therefore, was genuine when, after school, Johnny Corney, the biggest boy in "the gang" asked him if he wanted to play "duck on the rock" with the other kids.

One of the boys overheard the invitation and objected. "He ain't big enough. We don't want all them little shrimps in with us."

"Shut up," warned Johnny. "This kid's got a lot of trouble and we're going to cheer him up, see? An'

what's more, nobody ain't allowed to lick him this afternoon."

"Can I belong to the gang?" questioned Micky hopefully.

"Not regular," said Johnny. "We'll see about that later, but you can play with us now."

Micky contented himself with this temporary favor and played so hard that he almost forgot the calamity to which he owed his popularity. The mind of a boy is a mirror at best and an object has to be held close to make much of an impression.

Once while they were playing noisily in the street the policeman on that beat came by and started to drive them off from the thoroughfare, when he happened to see Micky.

"It's all right, kids. Ye can stay here as long as ye like." He patted Micky on the head and went on; the elder Flynn was popular with his comrades.

Going home that night Johnny Corney and one or two of the others walked with Micky. Across Micky's shoulder Johnny laid a fraternal arm which was the proudest burden the youngster had ever borne. That, coupled with the fact that he had to stretch his little legs unmercifully to keep step with the others kept his mind so occupied that sorrow could find no resting place therein.

"I saw a policeman's funeral once," volunteered Skinny Murphy, "and they had more'n a hundred carriages and a lot of policemen on horseback and a brass band."

A pause followed this description of obituary grandeur, while the youthful mind absorbed so much magnificence.

"Do you suppose you will have a band?" queried Skinny addressing Micky.

"Sure," said Micky, "and probably we're going to have a calliope, too." He differed from Webster as to the pronunciation of that word to the extent of one syllable and the accent, but if he had not said "Cally-ope" the others would not have understood what he was talking about.

"Gee!" This tribute of admiration from the others.

"And I suppose you will be the best man," suggested Johnny. His experience with family ceremonies was confined to his sister's wedding which was still fresh in his memory.

"I suppose so," assented Micky uncomprehendingly. "What does the best man do?"

"Ye'll have a carriage all to yourself to ride in."

"I'll tell you what," offered Micky in a burst of generosity, "I'll let all you fellows ride in my carriage if you'll let me belong to 'the gang.'"

This proposition aroused some opposition but was finally accepted by such of "the gang" as were present.

Skinny Murphy's sister, Sarah, known as "Four Eyes" because of a defective vision which rendered spectacles necessary, was tagging along on the outskirts of the male coterie. "Can I ride in your carriage, Micky?" she asked.

"Naw," Skinny was a charter member of the Society for the Suppression of Young Sisters. "We ain't goin' to have no girls at this funeral."

The exclusiveness of the affair overpowered the girl for a moment and the possibilities of his position began to dawn on Micky who could see himself wielding a social power second to none south of the gas works.

"Ain't you, honest, goin' to have girls at it?" insisted Four Eyes, who was destined to grow up into a suffragette, having been designed by nature for no other purpose.

"I ain't decided yet," debated Micky, "I'll let you know."

"Don't have girls," protested Skinny. "Gee whizz, they always spoil everything."

"Say, Skinny, who's doing this?" demanded Johnny. "You act as if it was your funeral."

"I wish it was," retorted Skinny unthinkingly.

"So do I," added little sister fervently, hastily getting out of range with a flying start that brought her to home and safety a good nine and four-fifths seconds ahead of Skinny, which is good time for the untrained athlete.

The last edition of the paper that night had a picture in it of "Michael Flynn, the son of the brave officer who lies at the point of death in St. Martin's Hospital." The picture was a great tribute to the photographer who was the only man who could prove that he had ever caught Micky in a quiescent moment. It is true that Micky had never looked like that photograph but just that one time, and it was also difficult to recognize him because the photographer had retouched out all the freckles, leaving the face a mere outline sketch, so to speak, and because the hair was plastered down so tightly that it threatened to loosen his eyes from their sockets, still it was possible to state that it was sure enough Micky because of the ears which from much exercise at wiggling were hitched to the cranium at a prominent angle peculiarly their own. It was Micky and none other.

Can you imagine the feelings in that youthful glory-craving breast? His

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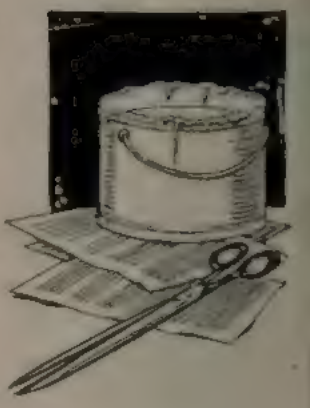
"'TAIN'T HER—IT'S YOUR DAD. DIDN'T YE HEAR ABOUT THE ACCIDENT DOWN TOWN?" MICKY PRESERVED A STUNNED SILENCE

The Yellow Streak of the Yellow Journal

"YOU CAN FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, AND SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME EVEN WITH A NEWSPAPER"

—*James Gordon Bennett*



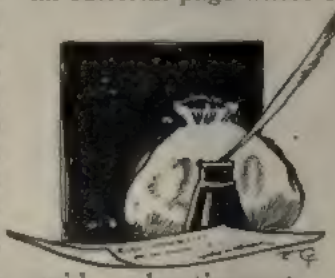
By Robson Black

Author of "Herding of Ships by Wireless," "The Broken Kingdom," etc.

YELLOW journalism in Canada is a question of eyesight—and the eye, as the doctors will tell you, takes root in the liver. Anyway, the longer the distance the deeper the color. You have to be in Sherbrooke to see the faults in the Vancouver papers, and there exists no handier critic of the Halifax press than the Revelstoke reporter.

People in Montreal used to call the staid old Witness yellow because of a daily suggestion of jaundice. Witness readers in turn would not take the Star because it mixed up Sunday's sermons with Monday's ale. The Star's readers turned down the Herald because it had too much to say, and the Herald's readers would not touch the Star because they were taking the Herald. In Toronto, the World subscribers refused to buy the Mail because the local news was always just round the corner, and the Mail readers would not imbibe the World because they liked their breakfast single column and wanted a death item as "John Smith's Demise," not "Rivet Slinger Goes To Work on Higher Mansions." The News disciples would not take the Daily Star because it snickered at the British dukes and favored Buffalo sausage against Toronto sausage in that great fight for ideals in 1911. The Star people could not be bribed to take the News not because the News loved Toronto less but London more; and then again Hon. Walter Long's epoch-making address to the school children of Tiverton is fearfully far off from the X-marks-the-spot of the gouged Italian at King and Yonge. Then the Telegram readers would not use the Globe because they all got their present jobs—and father got his, too—through John Ross Ro rtson, and a return of six cents a week was the least they could do. As for the readers of the Globe, it were easier for a Campbell to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Highlander to go by Yonge and Melinda with his hat on.

We have, of course, no strictly yellow journals—none at least like the Hearst papers—true to color as a crop of lemons. At the same time we have in practically every large city as rich a garden patch for future Hearstism as could have been found at the same stage of development in the Hearst-ridden centres of the United States. It would not be supremely difficult, for instance, to lay a finger on an editorial page where the champion-



ing of corporate interests is constantly nourished and prodded by the insertion of useless but handsomely paid advertisements. You may also come across a newspaper, of relatively great circulation, so far the slave of its advertisers as to hide almost any crime from publication so long as the criminal carries the proper quota of "space." And so one might trail through a dozen such trifling testimonies to the indwelling of the spirit of yellowness until we come to the case of The Daily Champion.

The only important difference between the Champion and some of its rivals is that where the latter were evil and commonplace, the Champion was poor and picturesque. So you see there was at least *one* point in common. If the Champion in all its conglomerate of indigo and scarlet and drab ever reached the distinction of a yellow streak it was at the worst the yellowness of chronic poverty. Poor as Beau Brummel and twice as fastidious in everything except essentials, the eternal shortness of money, instead of impelling to plain living and apostolic thought induced a riot of extravagance and a really wonderful trust that the gods of to-morrow would fetch along the milk and honey.

I owe my first contact with the Daily Champion—notice, I say I *owe* it—to my University professor of political science.

When my college course was over and I had snapped up a medal or two (I think it was *one*) the professor met me in the hall and said:

"I have here a letter from Mr. Brand, owner of the Daily Champion. Mr. Brand and I have agreed to co-operate on the idea of recruiting journalism from the ranks of political science graduates and I recommended your name for the first vacancy. This letter requests your presence at the Champion office as soon as possible."

I thanked the professor and in one hour had purchased a ticket for the job. Once or twice it dawned on me that nothing had been mentioned of *salary*, but I laid the suspicion aside as unworthy of a couple of political science highbrows. Moreover, I mused, the Daily Champion is an old-established corporation priding itself no doubt on a tradition of just financial rewards to all employees. How could they be otherwise and keep their reputation? How could any newspaper? How, indeed!

Up a worn flight of stairs I vibrated my way until at the summit I spied ten or twelve littered desks huddling beneath the rays of a stingy chandelier. I remember handing the boy my card—a very foolish thing to do in a newspaper office—and presently the urchin appeared with the manifesto: "McGuber says to come along—quick."

I am introduced to The Champion, The Pineapple and The Patriotic Hen.

I came. Ten feet away two shirted plug-uglies were improving the ideas in a pile of copy by the aid of tinsmiths' scissors and a small pail of glue. One of them I knew must be the city editor, because of all the Journalists in the room he was the only one distinguished by the ownership of a pineapple. The pineapple lay upon his desk, gouged by a jack-knife until it presented an eyeless and streaming sight. The city editor's doctor, I may tell you now, compelled him to devour two of these things per afternoon as an antidote to the evening before. And so I gained from his fat majesty my first impression of an editor—slicing pineapple and copy, copy and pineapple, in a rotation really marvellous.

When the office boy had conducted me to a seatless chair and showed how to prepare a clear space by pushing the newly-arrived exchanges on the floor, the city-editor beckoned me to my first assignment. I was to call for the photograph of a dead jockey at the home of his mother. I went, got the photo (the wrong one as it turned out) and flipped it down in front of my boss as if I had fetched along the written resignation of the Federal Cabinet. From six until seven o'clock I wrote "scalps," which means rendering the flippant verbiage of the evening papers into the austere diction you've noticed in the morning sheets. From ten to eleven I did a smart little editorial on a division court case wherein a perfect lady sued a tailor for an ill-fitting jacket. From eleven to twelve I fooled with a typewriting machine and succeeded in breaking the spring. From twelve to twelve-ten I sat wondering whose sheet of copy the city editor was cleaning his pipe with.

In my first week of newspaper duty I think I covered about twenty-five events, not one of which I could conceive as even remotely connected with that Higher Journalism to which I had been despatched as evangelist. For instance, a poor woman sent a letter to the editor complaining of a broken sewer; *I* was sent (as sewer editor) to ascertain the truth. A real-estate man (an advertiser, you may be sure) returned from England where he had been attending the sights of Paris and *I* was assigned to get a dipperful of his views on foreign investments. The dramatic editor was sick and his interview with a burlesque has-been on her pug dog and her Art had to be secured; *I* secured it. The editor's cousin, the leading citizen in Buzville, owned a hen that laid an egg with the national flag painted on one end, and *I* had to look amiable and do the thing into a half-column with a picture of the patriotic hen. I was required to write a "human interest" sketch, fifteen hundred words, of the crowds at a great horse-race, when I did not understand the difference between "odds" and a silo; moreover, my copy read like it.

On Friday evening, which a fellow reporter told me was the usual time for "paying off the hands," I applied at the cashier's wicket, gave my name and requested my share of the firm's profits. The young man handed me a thin envelope. It contained a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill which I reckoned as being six piastres. I looked in the envelope again and it was quite empty. Then I fixed with my eye the upper right hand corner and it said in spencerian distinctness: "$6.00." So this was the Daily Champion! I went back to my boarding house, paid the landlady $5.50, my laundryman $0.75, and $0.50 for somebody's collect telegram congratulating me on my position. And so did I end my first week of the higher reporting, seventy-five cents to the bad.

I learn all about Courts and Co-respondents but can't afford a Lunch.

On the following Monday the city-editor, making a lightning assay of my judicial capacity, put me on the High Courts where toothless lawyers talked to toothless judges about Writs of Certiorari, which I then regarded as an utterly drunken piece of language. Certainly there was no inspiration in that damp foggy old mausoleum where one expected every moment to open a door and face a convention of embalmers. No one but a city editor would have found fault with my habitual mixing up of the information extracted from long documents by which I awarded the defendant five thousand dollars damages when it should have been the plaintiff, or the co-respondent, or the hangman or such other quarrelsome person.

Weeks bored their way into months and I was conscious of a fair facility in newspaper reporting and also a wan ambition to attain a salary that could buy a decent mid-day lunch. Never was ambition less auspicious. One day I lured myself into the managing editor's office.

I said: "Mr. Van Dusen, I have been on the staff of the Champion now for six months, doing my best work for an average of seven dollars a week. Although you have kindly raised my stipend I am still five or six dollars shy of paying my weekly bills without borrowing from the family. This does not seem to coincide with the Champion's reputation as an upholder of the fair wage for labor."

I ask a Raise and Get a Paternal Panegric on the beauty of Borrowing.

I shall never forget Mr. Van Dusen's pause. It was dramatic, impressive.

"My boy," he said, while his hand came down on my knee like the girding hand of Faith. "My boy! You say you have been obliged to borrow from your relatives to keep your ship afloat. My boy, did you ever realize that some of the greatest men in this country to-day began their professional and business careers by that very thing—borrowing? I, myself started as a borrower. John D. Rockefeller, it is told, borrowed his first hundred dollars. So also, did Andrew Carnegie and Pulitzer and Northcliffe commence their success by borrowing a tenner or a fiver, here and there, from whomever would lend it. Never be ashamed of borrowing. You will live to pay it back. You will some day enjoy a hearty and well-earned laugh over these straitened circumstances of your early years."

I sat there, numbed and tongueless. Presently I felt the warm blood welling up into my head and a kind of drivelling pathos impelling me to fall on this dear man's neck and sob out my sad life-story. Composure returned as quickly as it had gone, and I rose to depart. As to what I had originally intended to ask, my mind was a blank. In its place was a genuine pity for Mr. Van Dusen's degraded genius and the twenty years of financial pinching that forced him to play-act with every junior reporter asking for his rights. Without a word I walked from the room and went on my evening's assignment.

That Van Dusen interview sank me into a clay-brown pessimism. I resolved to quit reporting and enter journalism, although neither then nor since have I been quite sure where to find journalism nor what it would look like if we shook hands. The Friday following the interview, towards six in the afternoon, I noticed one of the reporters descend to the business office and return presently with drawn mouth and pinched nostrils. He conversed a moment in a rich baritone with a companion, and together they

strode off. Back came both with the expression of hunted rabbits. Soothing my curiosity, I sauntered aimlessly to the head of the stairs and so to the street floor. Eight reporters, a society writer, two black-face artists from the press room and the editor's office boy lingered spinelessly about the cashier's wicket, obliging that person to repeat to each separately at least five times his well-known pay-day formula: "Mr. Van Dusen regrets that all salaries must remain suspended until next Friday." Suspended? Our past week's work had not remained suspended. Then why the salary?

The Held-up Salary and Fanshaw in the Role of Mary, Queen of Scots.

I was just about to snatch a sheet of paper and dash off my resignation when the Exchange Editor poked me under the arm. "Don't do anything rash. Wait at *least* until you are eight or ten weeks behind like me. D'ye see Old Fanshaw over there?"—he was pointing to the chief editorial writer,—"that man has missed three full years' pay during the twelve he has been with the Champion. By this time he has developed a positive hunger for martyrdom and would be wholly miserable if the paper did not owe him anything. So his pay keeps slipping and slipping, and Fanshaw keeps soothing himself as a sort of Mary, Queen of Scots."

I had a long conference with my landlady that evening, in which I impressed upon her the importance of every young man beginning his career with at least one week's board bill in arrears. She accepted the argument and reserved judgment.

When I came down for work on Monday night, six of the men, including the city-editor, were seated about the sporting editor's lean-to and I caught the distant tinkle of coin. What this tantalizing conspiracy could be I learned too late to be of service. It seemed that the Champion's business office closed at six p.m. and all citizens wishing to insert notices of births, marriages, or deaths walked upstairs to the city-editor and paid their money. It was the harvest of six death notices that was then being divided up to get the staff a drink and a sandwich. And this, I was told, had been going on for ten or fifteen years as regularly as pay day was missed.

I had all along held a vague but fairly warm regard for the owner of the Champion. Having heard him at political meetings lustily decry the greed of capital and win his election as a labor demagogue, the thought had often lingered with me that whatever sufferings I underwent in the Champion's service, the proprietor was undergoing even more acute pangs in the interests of his constituents. All of which was blatant self-deception. Unknown to me at that time, Mr. Brand was an ardent horse-fancier and whatever his fortunes, managed to maintain a small but supposedly select stable of racers. The track at New Orleans was then in its heyday of popularity and not a few outsiders expected to see Mr. Brand with his colors represented. Those in the office who knew the state of the firm's purse thought quite the opposite way. Just at that time the Champion had conducted a circulation getting campaign by promising the ten young women who landed the most subscriptions a trip to Europe, and on the day before the Orleans meet opened, seven thousand dollars in cash subscriptions were handed over the Champion's counter. Our cashier was naturally in high glee at the prospect of making up several weeks' back pay for reporters and clerks. I was standing in the office that afternoon waiting for the cashier to finish his conversation with the boss when I saw the latter look at his watch, thrust a time-table into his pocket and grab—literally grab—five thousand dollars out of the till and rush through the front door to a waiting carriage. I heard that night that he and his string of plugs were safe on the road to New Orleans.

Under No-Salary Strain, the Ginger of our Journal Fades to a Pale Nutmeg

Deprived of salary, the staff of the Champion had small assurance that in a week's time they would have even the shadow of employment. It was common gossip, based on the confidential information passed up from the business office clerks, that the telegraph companies were getting their money each night on pain of cutting off the news service next afternoon. The paper company to whom was due about three thousand dollars had given Brand his last chance to pay up or print his paper on vitrified air.

In this comforting, caressing atmosphere a reporter was expected to do satisfactory work and keep the sheet on an even keel of competition with its rivals. Needless to say, the ginger of our average issue faded to a sort of pale nutmeg. Intoxication became too frequent, nor could the city-editor discharge a drunken man because no strictly sober man would engage with a paper as wicked as ours. The right to get full was taken as an equivalent of the empty envelope. On Saturday afternoon the first bolt (the first, merely in my time) hit the Champion's belfry. A message came upstairs from the business manager that we need expect no more telegraphic news for the Sunday edition. We knew what that meant—a laughing-stock of a Sunday paper. But we did not count on the versatile Mr. Van Dusen. With sober ingenuity he handed out fifteen or twenty telegraphic clippings from the late evening papers with instructions to develop the news from our imaginations and mark everything as a special despatch "By Special Wire (or Cable) to The Champion."

A Dray, Two Crowbars and a Buccaneering Pressman Bring Us Paper

The Deputy Cable Editor wove a lovely epic around the rumored quarrel of King Alfonso with his wife over the color of the new army uniforms. But the cap sheaf came when Mr. Van Dusen out of his own mature knowledge of European conditions dashed off a seven-column line to go across the top of a page, and when the Weekly Champion emerged from the press a startled public read: "Ominous War Cloud Hovers Over Europe:. Banks Are Hoarding Gold." Let the telegraph companies keep their old news service; our withers were unwrung.

No sooner had Brand established amicable relations with the telegraph companies in time to save the Monday morning paper from an out-and-out fraud, than the paper company sent word that, until their bills were paid, no more stock could be taken from their warehouse.

At that time the Champion never had more paper on hand than was sufficient to get out the day's issue. At nine p. m., with a group of pressmen sitting on their haunches about the hungry press, the business manager telephoned to every news-print warehouse in town and utterly to no purpose. Their voices met his with the affectionate reciprocity of a snowball. They would talk business with him, they said, in the morning. What matter if the Champion had to have paper that very night, the warehouse men just yawned and said "No." About one a. m., when the city was drugged in sleep, the business manager bestirred himself on a desperate plan of rescue. With a buccaneering pressman, a hired dray, and two crowbars he drove down the main street to the warehouse district, passed up a dark lane and stopped before a well-bolted

door. The lock was pried from its staples, the party entered, seized two rolls of paper and shoved them into the dray. With a fine touch of integrity, the manager scribbled an I. O. U., signed his name, and pinned it to one of the remaining rolls. Then he drove back to the Champion office and proceeded to issue the morning edition. But that was not all. No sooner had the pressmen fetched the rolls into the light than they discovered they were made for an eight-column paper, whereas the Champion was but seven. In an evil temper but with undimmed determination the manager drove off in his dray once more borrowed a cross-cut saw, and on his return dislocated the eighth column from the two rolls and pushed them on the press and had his paper issued in time to catch the outgoing mails.

What I have told here may appear to need the corollary that the Champion went into liquidation. It did no such thing. Until about two y ars ago it was conducted on a basis not appreciably better than that shown in the record I have given. There is said to be a standing indebtedness approaching half-a-million dollars against the company, not a penny of which will likely be collected from now till doomsday. Chaotic mismanagement, unpaid wages, streams of outgoing and incoming employees, unprotested suits in the civil courts, and yet the Champion has never missed an issue, never dropped in circulation, never paid a dividend and is the most popular newspaper at this moment in its centre of publication.

The Model Man

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "Empty Pockets," "Excuse Me," etc.

Illustrated by C. Fosmire

THE complete disappearance of one of the most popular young men in Warrenton, followed by the partial disappearance of six other young men, created a profound sensation in the town.

Miss Deborah Bland had been courted by all these men. Her porch had been their favorite haunt. The entirely lost Hilary Phipps had been seen alive last in her company.

"I met them strolling along the Ishams' lawn, and I left them there, talking moonshine in the moonlight," said Mark Talbot. But his words were discounted, for it was known that Deborah had rejected young Talbot a score of times. And he was not even one of the young men who had partially disappeared. As for them, they were so vague as to what had befallen them and how, that their cloudy testimony merely obscured obscurity.

HE WAS KNOCKED SENSELESS—EVEN MORE SENSELESS THAN USUAL

The sole clew to the mystery was, therefore, a new complication. For if it led anywhere, it led to the conclusion that Deborah Bland, the most admired young woman in town, was a murderess of whom Lucretia Borgia might have been jealous.

People in Warrenton had known Deborah from babyhood. Her whole life and personality rendered suspicion ridiculous in advance. Her conduct was even more reassuring than her character. She did none of the things a criminal of such scope would surely have done. She did not vanish. She did not skulk or slink. She went about the streets with an unusual cheerfulness, regretting the loss of so many nice young men, but consoledly announcing that she was about to marry a still nicer young man from New York.

The bridegroom duly appeared and was voted extraordinarily attractive. After a wedding of serene pomp, the couple departed for the usual honeymoon, leaving the town alone with its deep enigma. Not a hint of a solution had turned up when the bride and groom came back and settled down in the best house they could rent in Warrenton.

Any resentment that may have been felt against Deborah for marrying an outsider was dissipated by the remarkably winning manner of the outsider she had married. He was burdened, indeed, with the rather literary name of Leicester Vander Veer; but then he possessed also an array of ideal qualities which one hunts for in vain outside fiction.

But, just as the village was settled comfortably in the belief that it had seen at last an ideal marriage, it began to realize that Deborah's home life was unhappy. The greediest gossips had hardly begun to publish this theory when Deborah openly separated from her husband, slammed his door with a

report that was heard round the county, and went back to her father's house. She refused to explain anything to anybody.

A divorce was quietly secured and the evidence sealed. The town had not yet regained its equilibrium when the sevenfold calamity that had devastated the ranks of the few marriageable young men in town was duplicated, with increased horror.

Ivy Lynn, admittedly the prettiest girl in Warrenton, had been out of town during all this excitement. Shortly after Deborah had acquired her divorce and the restitution of her maiden name, Ivy came home from boarding school. It pleased her to delight her parents by arriving on an earlier train than they expected. She bounced into the house like an entire surprise party and caught the family at table.

After the first rapturous greetings, she began with the breezy elegance of diction one acquires in a finishing school.

"Well, fond family, what's doing in this little amateur cemetery?"

Father, mother, two brothers and three sisters answered in chorus—each with a different proof that Warrenton was the most industrious manufacturing town in the state. It had manufactured a complete disappearance, six partial disappearances, a perfect young man, an incomprehensible marital fiasco, and a young woman who could keep a secret.

Fresh from a girl's boarding school, Miss Lynn was used to hearing half a dozen people talking at once. She understood all that was flung at her. Her comment was:

"So Hilary Phipps has done a vanish. Well, there's no use tolling any bells for him. He always was a mutt. Nice-looking, but knew it, and that let him out. What I don't get is that partial disappearance stunt. You say that six of the village pets have nearly faded. Why, I saw three of them as I drove home from the place the railroad puts you off. They looked just the same—except that Ferdy Draper was wearing his back hair all over his collar."

"That's just it."

"What's just what?"

"Ferdy's let his hair grow long."

"Come again, please."

"You remember that Ferdy used to be the neatest boy in town?"

"He certainly was the village spick-and-span; but what of it?"

"Well, now he's slovenly, slipshod, slouchy—he's absolutely changed and so are the others. You remember how Gilbert Cameron used to be forever treating?"

"Yes, a glance at Gilbert was always good for an ice-cream soda."

"He hasn't treated a girl for months. He's as tight as a new shoe. And Alan Findlay——"

"Well, never mind about those merry villagers. Before you go any further, tell me who and what was that vision of masculine loveliness I passed on the street? I thought at first it was Hilary Phipps, but this living picture has different-colored hair and he walks like a young Greek god taking his constitoo. He certainly had my young affections frizzled at first sight. I nearly fell off the hack looking him over."

"That must have been Leicester Vander Veer."

"Leicester Vander Veer! Stop it! This was a real man. He was never written by any Laura Jean. He was real. But how did he get into this backyard of the universe?"

"That's the man Deborah Bland married and divorced."

"Do you mean to say that Deborah Bland landed something like that and then took it off the hook and threw it back into the water? She's not Debby, she's daffy!"

"That's what we all think."

"Well, me for he! I'm glad I caught that early train. An hour later and he'd have been married in by somebody else. I'm glad I brought along my golf clubs. I'm going out like a gay young cave-girl and bring him home if I have to club him insensible and drag him to me lair."

"There's a sociable at the United Presbyterian Church to-night. I was going," said a precocious younger sister. "He'll be there, I guess."

"So will little Ivy. He's my oak and here's where I cling."

Ivy Lynn went to that sociable but she never came back. Her younger sister came home—but only partly. The parents wrung their hands in dismay.

To the profound horror of the town, five other young women who had gone to the same reception also failed to return in their entireties.

They had come home indeed, but it was evident to the distracted families and their stupefied neighbors that—in the vivid phrase of the day—they were "not all there."

Whom to suspect? Whom to accuse? Those who had thought of Deborah Bland when disaster befell the seven young men thought again of her in the hour of disaster to the seven young women. But Deborah Bland had never been inside the United Presbyterian Church. She had been sick abed at home for several days. It was impossible to suspect her of this crime. Therefore, it was unreasonable to have suspected her of the earlier crime.

And now once more the town's panic was interrupted by wedding music. This time it was Mr. Vander Veer who went to church. He did not take with him any of the Warrenton belles. He also imported.

Again, any resentment the townspeople might have felt at the slight to the native product was disarmed by the extraordinary charms of the bride. Even in the grief-stricken homes that had daughters lost altogether or fractionally, the second Mrs. Vander Veer was voted as perfect as her husband.

And then this pluperfect couple came to grief. Now it was not the wife that slammed the husband's door. Both bride and groom rushed out of the house together, leaving the door ajar, squeezed through the gate, and dashed in opposite directions to the stations of the two railroads that serve Warrenton.

The house was locked up by the servants and is still tenantless.

By this time, the Warrentonians were reduced to the nerve-shattered state of a village on a volcanic slope after the fifth eruption. The entire community became one large interrogation. The only business transacted seemed to be query; the only commodities exchanged were why, how, where, when, who, which, what?

The questioners invaded even the sick room where Deborah Bland's feverish head languished on its hot pillow. They told her of the disappearance of the Vander Veers. This had brought the total loss to four complete plus twelve partial. At this newest news the hitherto inconsolable Deborah lifted her head and asked:

"Are you sure they both left town?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Then I can speak. Hand me my wrapper, mother, and find my slippers. I'm well. I'm going to get up."

And she got up and spoke.

Deborah Bland had been a prize winner from her kindergarten days. When she had won all the trophies in the town schools, her ambitions impelled her beyond the confines of Warrenton. Her parents were not rich, even according to the homely standards of that town, but they managed to send her year by year to higher and higher schools, till, finally, she gleaned a diploma that announced in Latin to those who could not read it that she was a Mistress of Arts. And still she sailed on till she won a Ph. D. to pin to her name like a scholastic bustle. But what did it amount to? She would not even use it on her cards or permit it to be spoken.

As is the rule among scholars, familiarity with large words bred contempt, and Deborah had no desire to pose as the appallingly bookish woman she was. The low-browed young men

avoided her at first, but they came to know her as the gay, the game loving, dance loving, life loving, love loving Debby Bland of old. Then they began to flock about her.

But Deborah's college course, and her experiences in other towns with other types, had taught her more about men than it is comfortable for men to have women know.

When her mother, or some other woman hungry for weddings, reminded her that she could not remain a girl forever, and that she would do well to take her pick of what Warrenton afforded, and have done with shilly-shally, Deborah would answer:

"How can a girl of ambition and education chain herself for life to any of these vegetables? Every one of them has a few good qualities, but not one of them has many. The whole crowd has just about soul enough for one good soul. Hilary Phipps is handsome, but the outside of his head is all there is to it. Besides, I don't like that shade of hair. Ferdy Draper is neat and well-groomed and has no bad habits, but I don't want to marry a he old maid. Gilbert Cameron is generous and gallant and tender-hearted and artistic, but he drinks and smokes too much and has no balance. There's Julian Eggert, he has financial genius and he'll be a rich man some day, but he's bald already and he thinks only in nickels and dimes.

"Ralph Pelton is a thinker and a student, but he's seedy and scrawny and absent-minded. Walter Arnold is athletic and a fine all-round sport, but he can hardly read, and he has no ambitions beyond a high score at tennis and a low score at golf. When he gets rheumatism, he'll be done for. And think of his evenings!

"It's the same way with the other fellows. They all have qualities, but they have so few of them. What I'm looking for is a man who is a complete man, as the saying is, a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good beer!"

"That's what women have been looking for since the year One," said Mrs. Talbot, who chanced to be calling. "But they haven't found him yet. If your mother had waited for such a man, you'd never have been born. If you want that kind of a husband, Debby, I guess you'll have to make him yourself."

"I was thinking of that," said Deborah.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing."

This curious dark saying flew round the town. People remembered it when Deborah married Leicester Vander Veer. Everybody admitted that he filled the entire bill.

"He's as nice as all the other young men put together," Mrs. Talbot said to Deborah.

"Yes," was all Deborah answered. But she seemed to wince a little.

And even then she had not been content. The whole town gave Deborah up as impossible to please. Everyone that met her husband said he was simply perfect. But the perfecter he grew in the esteem of Warrenton, the unhappier his wife appeared.

"I WANT TO BE DISTRIBUTED," HE EXPLAINED. SHE ONLY STARED AND STUTTERED

But all this was explained when Deborah spoke. At least all the little mysteries were gathered together into one big, perfectly definite and incomprehensible mystery. And that is all that an explanation ever is.

And this is what she said:— By the way, two of the neighbors happened to be there; Mrs. Talbot and Miss Malkin, who was "kind of thick of hearing," and was forever interpolating "Eh?" or "How?"

Well, Deborah said—incidentally, Mrs. Talbot was the mother of Mark Talbot, whom Deborah had rejected so often. Mrs. Talbot had been very bitter against Deborah till she saw how poorly the girl got along with Leicester Vander Veer, and then Mrs. Talbot felt more kindly toward Deborah. Gratitude, probably.

But this is what Deborah said—in part.

. . . . . .

"The main trouble with marriage is that it must take place between ready-made people. By the time a man or a woman is old enough to marry, his or her character and looks are finished. They may yield a little here and there like gloves or shoes, but they won't stand much strain without showing it. So all the boys and girls grow up one by one, each in the way that inherited traits and environment and education and accident determine. Then when they get all solidified and permanently molded, they look about for somebody to marry. And the only people they can marry are finished products, too.

"There was I, a normal woman, a little better educated, a little healthier, a little more zealous than the average, but, after all, pretty much like everybody else. But, like everybody else, I was modified by little whims and crankinesses and prejudices and habits of mind and speech. But those little individualities are immensely important to happiness. You can't enjoy a sunset with a cinder in your eye.

"Like every other girl, I looked for a husband who should fulfill my ideals, and supplement and complement my character. But such a man doesn't exist. You can't go to the tailor and order a husband. A girl has to take a

ready-made husband — poor thing.

"Picking out a husband is like going into the Parisian Dress Bazaar on Main Street for a dress. There's a mighty small stock to select from, and the only thing Parisian is the name. And it's the same way when a man goes into M. Frankenstein's Pantatorium for a suit of clothes. He's got to take what he can get. I began to realize this, and it terrified me for the future, because I didn't want to be an old maid—no offense to you, Miss Malkin."

Miss Malkin bristled: "It's better to be an old maid than an old fool."

Mrs. Talbot bristled back: "It's possible to be both."

"How ?" shrilled Miss Malkin.

"Go on, Debby," said Mrs. Talbot. And Deborah went on:

"The thought of tying myself for life to any one man I'd ever met in Warrenton—or anywhere else—was so horrible, that I couldn't endure it. Bigamy is against the law and octagamy was out of the question."

"So you went to New York for a husband," said Mrs. Talbot grimly. "Well, I can't see as you would have turned out much worse if you'd taken my boy Mark."

"So I found out to my cost," said Deborah humbly. "But I'm not telling what I ought to have done, I'm trying to tell what I did do. I was too poor to travel the world over and hunt my ideal, and from what I saw of men in other cities, they averaged just about up to the Warrenton standard. So I made up my mind to stay single and be done with it."

"A sensible idea," snapped Miss Malkin, "if you'd had the gumption to stick to it."

"But I hadn't," sighed Deborah. "I liked all the fellows in town in some ways, and disliked them all in others. Every girl must feel that way. One day I found myself thinking, 'If only I could take Ralph Pelton's brain and Walt Arnold's brawn and Jule Eggert's business cunning and Gil Cameron's artistic temperament and Al Finlay's good manners and Ferdy Draper's neatness and put them in Hilary Phipps' handsome form and face—I'd have a husband worth marrying.' The more I thought it over, the more my idle wishes changed to busy schemes. From saying 'If only !' I got to saying 'Why not ?' And finally that's just what I did."

"What's just what you did, Deborah ?" Mrs. Talbot groaned. "I'm getting a headache."

"I manufactured my own husband."

"You manufactured Leicester Vander Veer ?" shrieked Mrs. Talbot with horror; but Miss Malkin crept forward and whispered with intense interest:

"You—you manufactured a hu—hu—Debby—tell me—tell me how you went about ma—manufacturing a husba—band."

"Well, it was like this," said Deborah, and Miss Malkin thrust her ear trumpet out like a cup to catch every precious word:

"You see, when I was in college, I specialized in physiological psychology and supernormal phenomena."

Poor Miss Malkin got an ache in her ear trumpet trying to hear such appalling words. But Deborah went relentlessly on. "I studied Multiple Personality—you know that your personality is multiple, don't you ?"

"Well, that's all right," said Miss Malkin with a blush. "Don't worry about that, one of my uncles on my mother's side was that way, too. Go on." Deborah went on:

"I wrote a thesis on the pathological phases of the subliminal and supraliminal metempsychoses with a consideration of obsession, possession, impersonation, and all that sort of thing. Well, later I got to thinking, 'Why allow the hystericals to have the best of everything ? If a half-crazy laundress can enjoy all the luxury of an intercosmic projection of personality, why not make some practical use of the force for intelligent purposes ?' There's so much attention paid to psychoanalysis. Why not a little to psychosynthesis ?"

"Good Lord, Debby," cried Mrs. Talbot, "come out of the tall timbers and use words that a body can understand !"

"There are no words," said Deborah, "that can be really understood in their ultimate significance. And there is no use trying to make it clear to you. How I did it I don't want you to know, for you might try it yourselves—and succeed. And then where would you be?"

"I guess I could take care of myself with any husband of my own make," said Miss Malkin. "Just because you didn't know how to manage your work, it don't prove that other folks——"

But Deborah shook her head, and Miss Malkin put her ear trumpet in her lap. The subsequent proceedings interested her no more. Mrs. Talbot, however, was still curious.

"For Heaven's sake, tell us what you did—and what became of Hilary Phipps ? Did he die ?"

"Oh, no."

"Is he alive ?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Not exactly alive and not dead ! Then, where has he been all this time ?"

"Hilary Phipps was in town during most of the excitement."

"But why didn't he let his mother know ?"

"He couldn't."

"Was he locked up somewhere ?"

"Yes and no. He went about freely but he was locked up in a way."

Mrs. Talbot's eyes were rolling; she fairly snorted: "Well, where is he now ?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"What became of him ?"

"I used him."

"You used him ! Debby Bland, one of us is crazy."

Deborah smiled tolerantly and drearily. "If you'll let me explain. You see, by a process of—you might say hypnodization——"

"You can't explain anything to me that begins with a word like that," said Mrs. Talbot.

"I'm afraid I can't explain at all," said Deborah, "I'll just describe. Do you remember the party that Fanny Isham gave a long while ago ?"

"Indeed I do," sniffed Mrs. Talbot. "My boy Mark wasn't invited, and I didn't speak to either of the Ishams for a week. But afterwards I relented, for I realized that it was after that party that the whole trouble began, and if Mark had have gone, he would probably have disappeared like the rest of those poor fellows."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't," said Deborah. "Mark was not one of the ingredients of my recipe."

"Debby, I'll box your ears if you don't talk English."

"Well, stop interrupting, then. As I started to say, I went to the Isham party with my cousin from Norwalk, who happened to be in town but was leaving on the midnight train. Hilary Phipps asked me for a dance, and it was a beautiful waltz. After it, we strolled out into the moonlight and walked up and down the lawn. Your boy Mark came along, said a few words, and went on home. Then Hilary got very spoony and proposed marriage for the 'steenth time, but I said no. Still, the moonlight was awfully nice, and we walked around the garden, and I felt very romantic, and I wished that Hilary, had only had a little more brains and some artistic feeling and a leveler head, and weren't so lazy and—oh, if he had only been almost entirely different, he'd have been an almost ideal husband.

"There's a stone wall, you know, along the garden. We climbed up and sat on that. On the other side was the Hammond house. It wasn't rented then, but it had a beautiful grape arbor, and Hilary dared me to go steal some grapes with him. He helped me over the wall, and started to follow, when he caught his toe in a chink and fell on his head. He was knocked senseless—even more senseless than usual.

"I remember looking at him as he lay stretched out in the moonlight. He was a beautiful fellow, especially in the moonlight, but so lacking in soul. I raised him up and dragged

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Wreaths

By Gregory Clark

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

MOSTLY green, of the rich, rolling rumpled velvet shades of full summer, the Park had its beds of red, and yellow and red, and the crowd of richly-dressed and glossy-hatted men and women around the russet bronze statue gave a livelier tone—although one of the crowd, standing on the black base of the statue, was speaking in a louder voice than seemed necessary. . . . . .

Ivan, sitting on his bench, could hear it indistinctly, just enough to spoil the soothing effect of the Park, which wooed him away from his thinking. Then the voice stopped and Ivan saw bright flower wreaths being passed up and hung on the statue. If it weren't for the damn cough, Ivan would have been over in the crowd. He would wait till they went to see the flowers. The white man's plague, eh! Everyone seemed so afraid, looked at his sunken face in such a way. Yes, he would wait until they went away from the statue

. . .

In the musty little room, a lamp showed a dead woman lying on the bed Two stout foreign women had just pulled the white fluffy wedding gown on the body, arranged the thin hair and hands. She looked quite sweet

Ivan knelt at the side of the bed, holding the dead woman's waists and sobbing:—

"Tinka! O Tinka!"

He had come home from the Park to find Tinka, his wife, gone first. He hadn't been able to work since shortly after they had come, newly married, to the new country. They had been hungry often. And in the long days lying in the Park, he had only the one problem—which would go away first

'Tinka! Tinka!"

The two stolid foreign women left him whispering so, and said to the Polish boy at the door

"Tell him, when he is through, the priest will not be coming till morning."

STARTING AFTER THE FLEEING, STUMBLING FIGURE, THE POLICEMAN DID NOT SEE THAT HIDDEN UNDER THE MAN'S COAT, A WREATH OF WHITE ROSES

In the following hours of the night, neighbors came quietly to look in the shadowy little room. An elderly Pole, at the head of a group, called gently

"Ivan, here is twelve dollars we have collected for the funeral. Take it. The priest will give you the rest, maybe."

Later, an Irish woman, who lived down the street, came in with a circlet of soiled everlastings. She shook Ivan's shoulder.

"Hey, boy! Here's this. I'll lend it to you. Bring it back after '

The following night, the policeman in the Park, having cleared out the last of the benchers, spied a man scurrying from the base of a flower-laden statue towards the far side of the Park

"You act funny," said the policeman to himself and gave chase

In a moment he had captured the fleeing, stumbling man — Ivan — who had half hidden under his coat a wreath of white roses.

'You son of a gun!" said the policeman. "You robber of the dead! You dirty Dago!"

Ivan was driven away to a police station and put in a big room full of drunken men and toughs, who laughed at Ivan's frantic attempts to explain to the guard at the door, and who cursed him when he lapsed to moaning. The white wreath was hung up over the clock in the front room of the station and Ivan's arrest was entered in the big ledger with a flourish, as being something unique.

Ivan sat on a bench all night, trying to think of Tinka lying back there alone, and wondering at the big room he was in, with grotesque figures sprawled about. Then shortly after daylight, he was marched out of the room, with all the others, and driven in a big wagon to another big room. Soon after, he was put in line up a stairway, and presently he faced the Court

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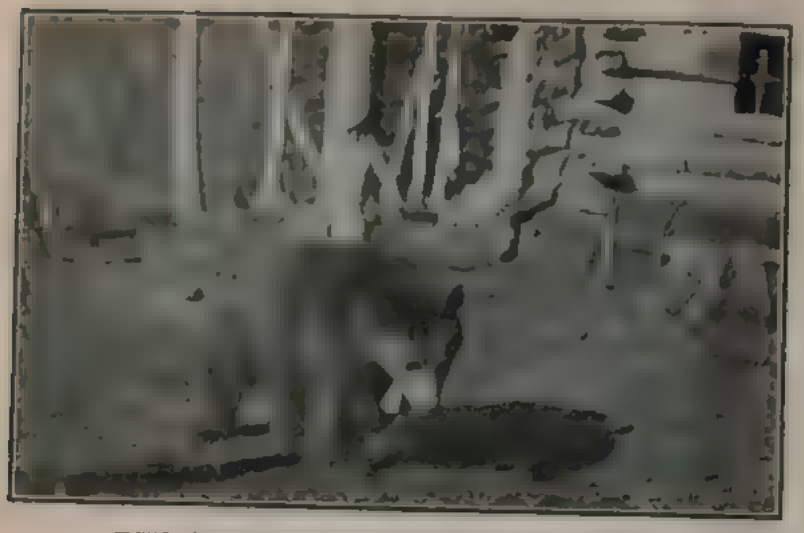


IT WAS A VERY SULKY BEAR WHO RETIRED TO INDULGE IN EPICUREAN DREAMS GARNISHED WITH MERINGUE

Ted of Tete Jaune Cache

By L. M. Roe

Illustrated from Photographs

THIS is the story of the ugliest, quaintest, cutest bunch of fur with a brain in it, the most impossible of mischievous pets, the teddiest Teddy bear that you ever read about. And if you don't like bears until they become bearskins, if you haven't the thoroughly-British streak in you that plans to surround yourself with things pat-able and cuff-able and provokingly lovable, just because they *are* subhuman, why then, don't read any further. We don't want folks looking over our shoulders who aren't going to grin where we grin.

Ted was born somewhere up in the British Columbia north country, where the Grand Trunk Pacific crawls through the Yellow Head Pass, all set about with big imposing mountains. To Ted, the world was meant to be a green-lined cup with scarred granite walls that jagged up into the unbelievable, stinging blue of a true-north sky. The world was meant to be full of thousand year old evergreens, creeping from awesome chasms up toward awesome heights. Level country was a thought of God's that Ted's mind wasn't formed to conceive.

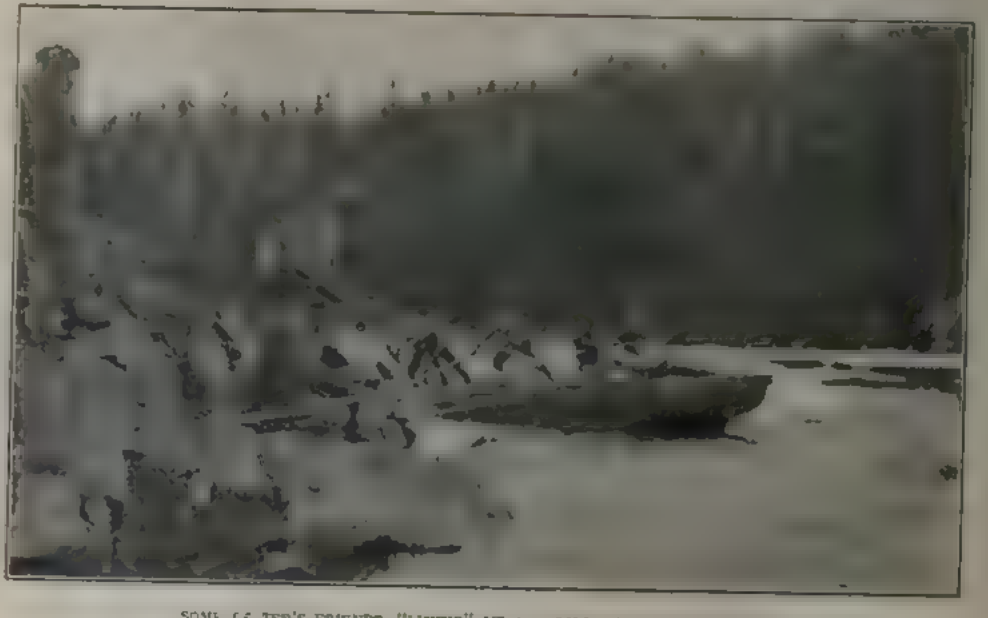
One spring day, the clear sky sunshine tempted the big lumbering bulk of wickedness and claws that Ted called mother. And she left her bearlet on the grade, since his legs were too short and too wabbly to put him in the express class—and she went into the woods.

Ted squinted down the twin-shine of steel, smelt each rail gravely, and lay down in the middle to wait until Providence told him what to do next. So it was that the Engineer found him, a foolish and very friendly puppy, asleep on the ties. And thenceforward, he became the property of its Majesty the Railroad, with a den in its temporary camp, one hundred and fifty miles west of the B. C. border.

All this time, you must know, the teller of the tale wasn't aware of British Columbia at all, let alone of B. C. bearlets. We came through from Edmonton one night, woke up in Jasper Park, and sighed out all our adjectives of wonder and astonishment over the mountains too big to be true, and the Fraser too swift to be real, and Mt. Robson, close-folded in cloud-wrack, shouldering its stupendous 13,700 feet of bulk into the nipping air.

The track circles at Robson, a wide, satisfying sweep that gives the surly old giant a chance to part his curtains if he feels in the mood—which he did—and to lift his huge white head above the smother of grey. No one has climbed him, up to date, no one has been able to defy the cold green glaciers the scarred black rock-surfaces with which he outposts the secret of his crest fit altar from which to worship such primeval powers as one believes in, after a view of their handiwork.

At noon we pulled into Tete Jaune Cache—pronounced T. John Cash, like an item from the city directory. Words would be an injustice to T. John and as we'd about run out of adjectives we started on for the last lap of the journey, and, that evening, arrived at our destination—and Ted.



SOME OF TED'S FRIENDS, "LINING" UP A RAPIDS ON THE UPPER FRASER

In the largest of the three log houses of which the camp consisted we sat discussing the trip or dropping into silence under the spell of twilight and a low fire. The boys had given the only armchair to the only lady present, who didn't bother to turn round when she heard the door pushed open, nor did she stir at all until a cold moist nose was thrust enquiringly into her hand and she looked into the bright eyes of a half-grown bear!

Please forgive the shriek. I won't do it again. But you'll admit that the introduction was both unconventional and unnerving. When I was coaxed back from my bedroom, it was to find the Littlest Bear—who looked very big and very brown indeed—sitting in the chair I had just vacated! It was his accustomed place, and bears, it seems, are very conservative folk.

"Tame as a cat," said one man. "Aren't you Ted? Tell the lady that's your one vice. When his master goes out on the grade, he wabbles along after him. Jealous, that's what. Nearly had bullets in his young hide over and over again till we put this bell around his neck. Now the gang know him and if a man did mistake him for an ordinary, wild-animal bear — say, this camp would string that Dago up to the tallest tree in ten miles, wouldn't we, Ted?"

It wasn't long until the quaint, shambling little chap became as much of a joy to me as to the rest. Where you have no neighbors and few newspapers, a temperamental clown is a great find. Young bears are all mischievous if their dispositions haven't been soured, but Ted, living on love and blandishments, was a continuous-performance nickel show.

Being a tidy housekeeper by nature, even with no one to criticize me but men and mountains, I couldn't allow Ted the run of the place that he'd had previous to my arrival. And to put it plainly, he was peeved. He would come to the screen door and stand on his hind legs like an absurd and reproachful dog. Then he'd whine and take his good work the hardest, and, seeing it all this would I go on to try the wire with his ripping chisel claws. Chased away, he invariably made the round of the house to my window where he would insert his paw between the bars, knock all my toilet articles on to the floor and retire, unsuccessful but happy in his guerilla warfare.

Before the advent of a woman to the bachelor paradise, screen doors were never locked and as soon as the men had gone over to seven o'clock breakfast, Ted would look up his armchair, or a bed, where he would lie for all the world like one of Goldilocks' young friends as we remember them in our nursery books.

ONE OF THE BIG STEAM SHOVELS LOADING DUMP CARS AT THE HEAD OF THE STEEL

One day, a very important man indeed—I'd be afraid to tell you his name—came to the camp on a tour of inspection. In the morning, the boys tiptoed out without waking His Augustness who still snored the snore of the just. By and by, however, he began to dream. It was a wild and unruly nightmare but not nearly so extraordinary as what he saw when he woke up. On top of the grey blankets sat a hunched up baby bear, tugging away at the dreamer's foot, and grunting to himself because the toe that he had in his mouth refused to come off! This is a yarn however that the victim doesn't repeat in local option towns.

After my arrival and the curtailment of his indoor privileges, Ted had to invent many extra outdoor wickednesses to keep himself busy. If he could at the same time get even with his liege lady and locker-out, it seemed to make him especially happy.

As you might suspect, there are no laundries in the upper Fraser. Such being the case I kept the kitchen one fine day, intending to get Cook to heat me some water on his stove. I knocked but there was no response save a strange gurgling sound that suggested visions of the suicide of our chef. When I peered through the screen however, there was nothing to be seen but a big brown furry back that heaved up and down. Ted had his head in a case of eggs, eating as many as he could and smashing the rest with his front paws. As all this happened before the Grand Trunk Pacific was linked up, supplies were not then as easily obtained and eggs didn't form a part of Ted's diet. Not desiring to live on omelette a la Bruin for the rest of the month, I chased out a very sulky bear who retired to his den, to indulge, as I supposed, in epicurean dreams, garnished with meringue.

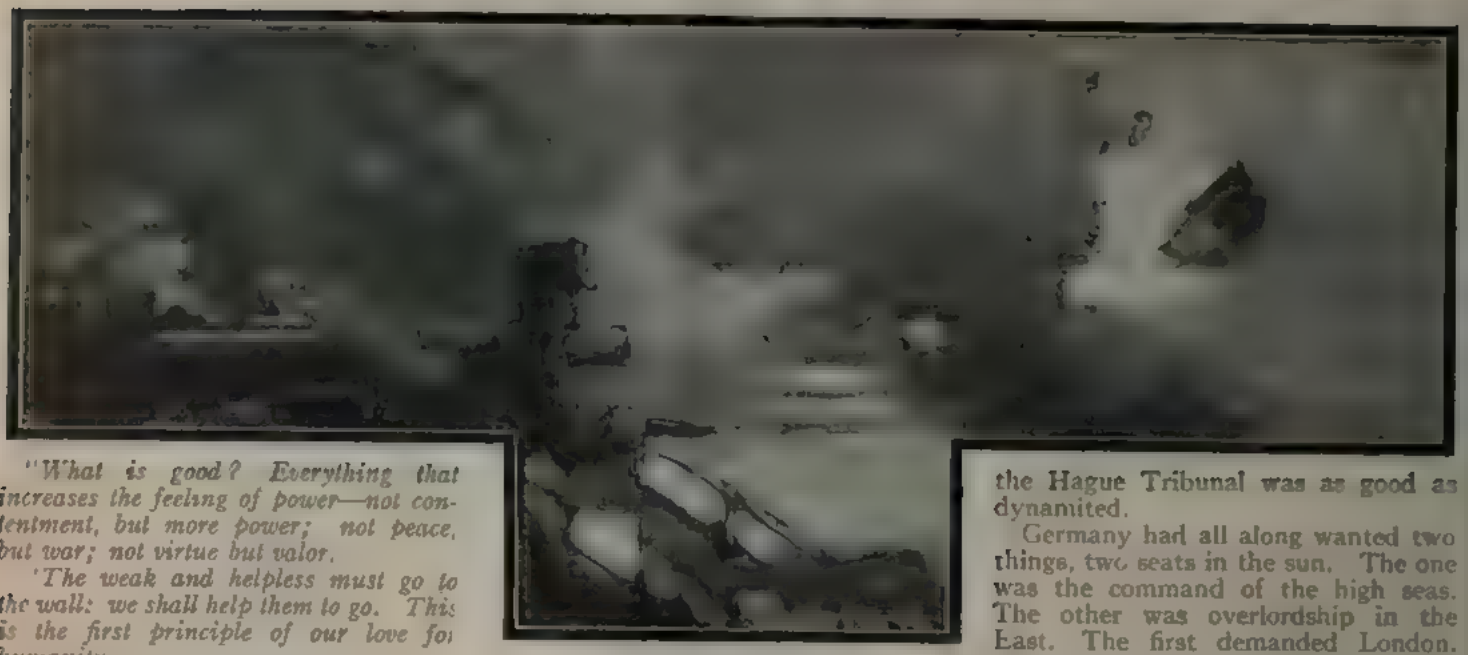
But he was possessed of less tummy and more brains than I had imagined. I finished my washing, hung all the dainty white pieces on an improvised line between two trees, and then followed the welcome sound of the dinner bell. I had just told the men of my achievements when I happened to glance out the window. To my unutterable horror, there was Ted, standing on his hind legs under the last of my beautiful clean clothes! As I looked, he took it off the line most methodically and added it to the pathetic little heap that he'd made on the ground. He didn't just lay the things down, he mauled them around carefully in the damp earth and then stood on them. Fortunately he hadn't got as far in his process as he had several times done with Cook's washing. The last act was always to suck the buttons off the shirts!

Despite this fact, Cook was very good to him, and the diningroom became his one city of refuge on the soaking days when the rain made the woods unattractive, and the grey sadness of the air seemed to make him lonely in his den.

But even here, and despite the fact that he should have felt grateful to his friend, Ted's love for tall timbers invariably led him sooner or later to the top of a cupboard where various dainties were kept. This resulted in a wrathful and enforced exit, jammy-pawed and complaining, after which

Continued on page 321.

A Place in the Sun



"What is good? Everything that increases the feeling of power—not contentment, but more power; not peace, but war; not virtue but valor.

'The weak and helpless must go to the wall: we shall help them to go. This is the first principle of our love for humanity

What is more harmful than any vice? Pity for the weak and helpless.'
—Nietzsche, in "The Antichrist."

By John Tannahill

Decoration by Frederic M. Grant

HISTORY is made up of the repetition of two phrases—"a place in the sun" and "a scrap of paper." Individual and national life is built around the way in which John Smith and Kaiser Wilhelm II. meet and deal with the situations created by the thing coveted and the moral obligation which may lie between the coveter and his goal.

There has always been a place in the shade and a place in the sun. There has always been a man with a loaf and a man with half a slice, and that mouldy.

"The poor ye have always with you—lend, hoping for nothing in return," said the Christ

Men of the schools of Tolstoi, of Dostoieffsky or of the Salvation Army have attempted to follow barefootedly in the steps of their Master.

The vast bulk of humanity has for ages theoretically accepted the Speaker and the first half of His speech. Beyond that, they have ignored the command altogether, or loaned to the extent of a nickel, hoping for treasure in heaven.

Of late years has come the socialist, disputing the Carpenter of Nazareth

"Nay," he says, "let there be no poor! We will form a committee to make the sunshiners sit closer, so that the shade-dwellers and the half-loafers may have a chance. We will build peace temples and banish rent, interest, profits and the Krupps!"

But the Utopias of socialism are still on paper, largely because human nature is such that no two propagandists can agree on the weight of the vellum.

It remained however for Friedrich Nietzsche to form the last and most amazing school—the school of the ruthless and at the same time philosophic exploiter who taught, pure-paganly, that might was not only right but righteousness, that the *duty* of the whole-loaf fellow was to eat his own bread and the half-slice too. And thus, for the first time since Christ, the cult of brute force was scornfully preached and soulfully believed, in a Christian land. In other words, so far as our era is concerned, Nietzsche was the original brazen scrap-of-paper man

Nietzsche died fourteen years ago last August, leaving his philosophy of selfishness to his fatherland.

If you are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, and somebody tells you that the senate has thrown the "Thou shalt not steal" clause out of the Decalogue, it affects your theory but not your practice.

So long as the German professors passed the Big Idea from hand to hand within the hoar walls of the universities, it did no harm. Nobody even noticed the little fuse that it carried, depending from its soul

But one fine day it wandered into the mind of a Treitschke, a Bernhardi, a Kaiser Wilhelm II. and in an instant, the Hague Tribunal was as good as dynamited.

Germany had all along wanted two things, two seats in the sun. The one was the command of the high seas. The other was overlordship in the East. The first demanded London. The second called for Constantinople The two were inextricably and picturesquely mixed. There were lines from London that reached all the way to Hongkong. There were two roads from England to the East, one by way of Suez and the other around the Cape. England was in Egypt. England had influence with Persia and to the north of India, to sidetrack the line that Germany dreamed of stretching from Berlin through Vienna, Belgrade, Constantinople, clear across to Tsing Tao, perched like a Noah's Ark village on the hills above the Yellow Sea.

Another branch of this same world-reaching railroad was to go down Mesopotamia-way, a route sketched out by the pilgrim-Kaiser who also built on Mount Olivet a "chime tower" which to-day commands every approach to Jerusalem. The builder and the Sultan did a little hobnobbing about that time, since when the wires that pull the Turkish war policy have run underground to Berlin. But none of this altered the fact that England owned the one possible terminus for the Baghdad railroad.

Mixed up with a good part of this Eastern dream, was a hostile and very much to be reckoned with Bear who also coveted a place in the sun and incidentally a wing of that succulent Turkey so long on the bill of fare. The little Balkans too were on the projected highway, and their mixed fifteen millions would have to be Prussianized.

Lying between Germany and her places in the sun, there were all sorts of obstacles. The Kaiser had shaken hands with King George over King Edward's coffin and had time and

again spoken his admiration for the English people. He had sworn to maintain the neutrality of various little brother states at various times and on various scraps of paper. The rest of the world, slumberously orthodox or handshakingly socialistic, was content to rely on the integrity of his word, not knowing that Nietzsche had taught him that "*strength, and deceit, and cruelty were to meet with his approval, for these were qualities that led to success in war. Furthermore he was to be under no obligation except to his equals; he was to believe that he might act towards slaves and strangers entirely as he saw fit,*" since in truth he was to "*regard himself as the determiner of values; he did not need to be approved of.*"

Thus militarism received its inhuman soul which the Prussian guardsman supplied with a machine-like body. The flare-up in the Balkans gave the Thing its cue.

This was the naked cruelty of "The Hymn of Hate against England" whose author Ernest Lissauer was decorated by the Kaiser. This was the arrogance that destroyed Louvain, this was the brute-beastliness that has reduced seven million Belgians to homeless wanderers. This was the spirit with which the Prussian eagles screamed their way into the sun.

But from the very beginning of hostilities, from the initial miscalculations of British dividedness, French unpreparedness, American apathy, Prusso-Nietzschianism has not fulfilled the anticipations of its creators.

And the very first indication of this was that *Germany began to apologize!*

The ambassador denies his 'scrap of paper'; the bombarder explains Louvain; the German officer who sent a torpedo against a hospital ship declares he didn't recognize its character. The government that is of, by, for and because of itself, must needs spend millions trying to win over a frowning Uncle Sam.

Scarcely less significant than the alteration in attitude is the change of timetable. "Paris in four weeks—London in six," became "Christmas in Paris." But the dinner is cold that the Emperor ordered, and while bread in Berlin is twenty-two cents a loaf and tickets for it are issued by the government, and there is a shortage of potatoes and the Kaiser has prohibited the housewives from peeling them before cooking, Paris is actually enjoying a decrease in the price of foodstuffs since the war!

Germany looked for disunion in Britain. Yet the brother of John Redmond has been commissioned an officer in the Royal Irish regiment. The supposedly disaffected Hindoos have rushed to aid the Empire. And in Canada, full of undigested aliens, a German-Canadian moved the address in reply to the speech from the Throne and a French-Canadian seconded it, after which Parliament proceeded to vote $100,000,000 for the war, and the papers of both sides were bursting with editorials on how to divert the sixteen millions that the Dominion has been in the habit of spending on German goods.

As to England itself, the Commons handed the government a blank check for the army. The erstwhile suffragette now serves in Red Cross Hospitals, nearly nine hundred of her, making bandages instead of speeches. Those who cannot go, knit. The Scottish Suffrage Society has raised one hundred thousand dollars to equip a Field Ambulance.

The vast machine of the Army Ordnance Department at its headquarters in France, bears on its lists no fewer than fifty thousand separate kinds of articles which it ships to the troops with unimpeded regularity. The past month the supplies furnished included 450 miles of telephone wire, 530,000 sand bags and 10,000 pounds of shoe blackening. In ten days the requisitions called for 120,000 fur waistcoats and 300,000 flannel belts. The average weekly issue of ointment for feet is five tons.

To cap all, the underwriters announce that the loss for the first six months of the war, to the British mercantile fleet, has been but seven million pounds as against the eighteen million which the associate itself had predicted.

On the field, the British army lives up to its record for cheerful coolness under fire, and cool cheerfulness under water—waist deep in the trenches.

The following is a typical letter from a Tommy whose name is Sam, and whose brother lives in London, Ontario.

"The old boy is in hospital. I have got frostbite in both feet, only one of my toes has got it proper (second toe on right foot). I am not able to stand on my feet yet: have a cradle on the bed to keep off the weight of the bedclothes.

"I am not the only one that has frost-bitten feet. There are hundreds besides myself and some far worse than I. Cannot give one anything for it; has to take its course; the feet are kept in cotton wool. There has been so much rain of late that most of the trenches have been flooded. The last time I was in (on the night of the ninth) the water was waist deep. Fancy having to splash through that lot, Bill. Can you wonder a chap's feet getting a little damp (was freezing, too). Had to stand in it up to our knees for three days and three nights.

"But, my dear brother, listen. The Germans are having to stick the same thing and if they have to do it, we can do it too. They are within twenty yards of our trenches in one place and we could hear them splashing through mud and water. We have been fighting near Labassee for the last two months.

"I shall have a lot to tell you, old sport, which will make your hair stand up straight. It will take me about a month to tell you about my first night in the trenches, how we repulsed the Prussian Guards six times before the morning; let them come right up to our barbed wire before we opened fire on them. Then they caught a cold, my boy, every time. Have a piece of a Jack Johnson in my pocket that hit me one day. It was spent, so it only stung me a bit. I hope to bring it home before long. The boys are hanging on to the sausage men, 'way out in France, and we shall lick them in the end, which I'm sure won't be long."

"When the 'Jack Johnsons' come," says an officer's letter, "they hit a house. You can see the great shell—a black streak—just before it strikes, then, before the explosion, the house simply lifts up into the air, apparently quite silently, then you hear the roar, and the earth shakes. In the place where the house was there is a huge fountain spout of what looks like pink fluff. It is the pulverized brick. Then a monstrous shoot of black smoke, towering up a hundred feet or more, and finally there is a curious, willow-like formation and you duck, as huge pieces of shell and house and earth and haystack tumble about you head."

After which Tommy goes fishing in a Belgian canal with his bayonet for a rod, or sits back in his burrow like a mud-covered sphinx—and waits.

But it is the other allies who have given the Kaiser the chilliest unexpectednesses. General Joffre turned out to be Fabius Cunctator with improvements and the "rush to Paris" was in consequence a brilliant and costly fiasco. Later, the birthday present for which the Kaiser asked became instead a hecatomb of 20,000 Germans, offered in three days on the altar of Nietzschianism. Grand Duke Nicholas has displayed more boldness and grim initiative than anybody would have given him credit for, and when the little Japs sailed in and picked Tsing Tao, they destroyed fifteen years' work and took one of the highest and ripest peaches on the Prussian tree.

As against this state of affairs, look at Germany itself.

To apologize is to lose dignity, to delay is to lose prestige. But there is something much more serious than that. The middle of February sees a

total loss of 1,333,300 men out of the 4,000,000 available. In other words, nearly one third of Germany's total strength has been put out of action in six months. Deeper than this—the socialist disaffection is spreading. The socialist party, even in the Prussian Diet, lifts up its voice in condemnation of the war

But the Nietzschian spirit holds. And that is the worst and most damning thing that could happen to Germany. She has forever trampled on all rights, all treaties; in her declaration of war on neutral shipping, her bombardment of undefended towns, her callous lack of attempt to rescue the crews of peaceful merchant ships that she has torpedoed, her sinister and truly pagan assertion that in the event of food shortage, "prisoners of war must starve first."

This war is the greatest war that was ever fought. And it is too early to make predictions. Before it can be finished, Britain will need every man that she can supply, every soldier, every gun, every dollar that the Overseas Dominions can contribute, every cordial word and neighborly handclasp that the neutral nations of the world can give.

And yet, from seven months' watching of German performances compared with German promises, wouldn't it strike you that Prusso-Nietzschian-militarism, whether a new god born or an old god come again, is, on account of its very monstrous soullessness, nothing more nor less than a snow giant, able to preserve a semblance of life in the frigidity of college halls, destined to melt in that same place in the sun which its armies fight to obtain?

ETHEL LOOKED AT ONE THROUGH THE UNSOPHISTICATED BUT MIGHTY CLEAR-SIGHTED EYES OF A GIRL OF TWENTY

Correction All Editors Note

By Julius S. Woodward

Illustrated by Ruth Bingham

WHEN, in nineteen hundred and whatyoucallum, the Great London Rubber Boom blew up, the worldly goods of many people other than George Augustus Ponsonby-Dawson went up with it. It was said at the time that had George Augustus not devoted so much of his day to the ministrations of the professional at the Mid-Surrey Golf Club the firm of Dawson, Glendinning, Wagstaffe and Barton, would never have been included in the debris. But that is another story. The fact remains that of the fragments which eventually descended, not many on the waiting list collected fewer basketsful than were picked up by "our Mr. Dawson." After considerable searchings, however, on the part of the official receiver and others, enough was finally found to transport Mr. Dawson and his wife and daughter to those parts where they proposed to start life afresh.

Old Man Dawson, as he is now familiarly known—he was wise enough on landing in Canada to drop the Ponsonby and the hyphen—has been kind enough on occasions to say publicly that what induced him at length to pick upon Georgeville, Sask., as his future home was a certain picturesque portrayal of the possibilities lurking in that rising community for one of average talent, which possibilities were forcibly thrust upon his notice in a pamphlet issued by the Georgeville Board of Trade and compiled, vide the Georgeville Daily Gazette, by the "energetic secretary." I spent several years in that capacity, and though it is some time ago, there are yet occasions on which my conscience troubles me as to the effect which my exuberant phraseology may have had in determining the fate of some of the members of our periodically prosperous community; but I certainly felt no such qualms when I saw George Dawson walk into my office. I felt instinctively that here would be one citizen to whom in years to come I would be able to point with pride, and as things turned out I was not astray in my reckoning.

He wasn't in town twenty-four hours before he landed a job in a real estate office, his chief occupation being the making out of those mysterious documents known to the profession as agreements of sale, the too free signing of which scraps of paper have incidentally done more to land some of our pretentious citizens within hailing distance of the Bread Line than any other set of circumstances I can call to mind.

The old man had been on the job about a week before he brought his daughter round to see me. I can remember the occasion as well as if it were yesterday. It was a typical Georgeville June morning. That is to say, a bright clear sky, the fragrant smell of the damp earth that comes after a warm shower, and the main street of Georgeville a foot deep in mud. You would have thought however that Ethel Dawson had just stepped out of her Rolles-Royce in Bond Street, so trim and dainty did she look. I can't tell you what she had on—I'm no society sharp—but those blue eyes of hers under a peach-basket hatbrim took all the talk out of one formerly chatty-minded gentleman.

"I just wanted to thank you, oh so much, for getting a job for father," she said, in her pretty English voice. What she said with her eyes I'm sure I don't know, but I imagine she must have heard the reply of mine, for she flushed a little and drew her hand away. It was a temperamental little hand, with long fingers, and it was gloveless.

"And now," she went on briskly, "please, kind sir, a job for me"

I decided at once that the position for which Miss Dawson was eminently fitted was that of devoted wife to a certain public official, the sky line of whose ambition was going backward at the rate of a mile a minute.

"What can you do?" I asked as

gravely as I could. "Type, nurse, teach, play the piano, take in plain sewing?"

She shook her head, more like a rueful child than the self-possessed young lady she had at first seemed.

"No sir, not a sin-gle one of them! That is, I could teach tango, but I don't want to. And I suppose I'll have to do my own plain sewing now, but I'm not looking forward to it. I thought—"

She hesitated, and the clear color crept up into her face.

"I used to—to—write a bit, and I hoped, maybe, when I'd got the local color of Canada—"

Poor kid—can't you see her, soaking up the blue of the sloughs and the gold of the wheat, herself getting bluer day by day as she did it, and losing the only worth-while gold in the world, the glint of her curls? I didn't want her turned into a stamp-buying, check-hunting, hump-shouldered writer lady. And besides, heaven knows there's no cash in it even at that. And yet, until the time came when the public official aforementioned should offer her a permanent meal ticket, Miss Dawson certainly needed the nickels.

Then I had an inspiration, a real private-stock box of them.

"Tell you what," I said, trying not to look too pleased with myself, "let's walk round and see Bill Warman. He owns the *Gazette* as long as his creditors 'll let him, and he's just lost his society editor."

Ethel looked at the foot-deep mud of the roadway to nowhere, and the unpainted fronts of the town's best stores, set like stark Noah's Ark box-houses on the table-flat prairie. Then she looked at Mrs. Grocer Denison coming out of her husband's emporium, with three yards of white apron swept across her ample person and held under one arm. Last of all, she looked at me. I think I knew then that she was immensely amused at the prospect, and a little afraid to let a fellowtownsman see it. But she was game. And she had in her the makings of that human sympathy that would cause her to see Mrs. Grocer's daughter's wedding in its true importantness.

After we'd interviewed Bill and been engaged—or rather snapped up—as co-editors, Ethel to supply the style and I to send in the facts until she came to know our young metropolis, we returned to my office to talk it over.

It is not surprising that the consultation took up most of the morning. When one's daily round consists for the most part of interviewing Galician homesteaders or planning out entertainment for prominent American editors, it can readily be imagined that relief in this form was a thing very precious. I mentally decided that so far as the American editors were concerned, we were due the next day, the simplest way to entertain them would be to ascertain the cubic capacity for Scotch whiskey of the party and then square it.

All this happened two years ago—long enough for the Bond Street clothes to slow down a little and the Rolles-Royce air to attain a charming tang of Western camaraderie; not long enough, alas, to persuade their wearer to tire of her job. Not that I tried, outright. After that first interview, I went home and lay awake all night wondering what I'd say to the large and enthusiastic audience that insisted on running me for Parliament. I knew she had liked me. She had been kind, and more than that. I thought I saw something in her eyes that she didn't show to Bill when she became his right hand man. But somehow, as the months passed, it never went any further. She had an indescribable way of putting the bars up, even while she smiled at you over the top of them.

But it wasn't until young Dickie Church, our risingest lawyer, began to take her riding perilously across the twilit prairies, that I realized the biggest obstacle. Dickie was so absurdly downmustachedly young, and yet he looked so consciously well beside the society editor in her ribbons and her muslins, that it forced home the painful truth that the hair due east and west of my ears was greying slightly. And that, I alas, was thirty-eight! Not an advanced age for a future Parliamentarian, who's a mere kicking colt at fifty, but an octogenarian period when looked at through the unsophisticated but mighty clearsighted eyes of a girl of twenty.

And so, for two independent years, Miss Ponsonby-Dawson followed and chronicled the social life of Georgeville, all too soon without the help of her former co-editor.

The good old days of the boom were too good to last, however, and only Ethel's real value to the local page kept her on. The raft of small and apparently insignificant items that she turned in were really of immense value to the *Gazette*, for it was for them that the women folk in town bought their local paper. But if Ethel had one forte it was weddings. A bartender couldn't marry a kitchen mechanic without Ethel getting wise. Bill used to chaff her once in a while as to when she would be turning in her own, but she always laughed the thing aside and he never could get anything out of her on the topic. The quota of eligible and ineligible bachelors of all ages were equally insidious in their endeavors to see their name coupled with Ethel's in 12 point black, over a story in the "Wedding Bells" column, but nothing ever came of it and gradually the bunch got to realize that there must be a reason.

I won't tell you what absurd hopes blossomed under a certain municipal panama when it became noised abroad that Ethel had turned down Dickie Church. I went up to the Dawson's that night with courage enough to hook a timber limit. But just as Dawson pere had left the room and I was nerving myself to clear my throat, my eye fell on an envelope with a regimental crest on it. It was

JUST AN HOUR TO PRESS TIME—WHEN A FOOL BOY SHOVED A CASUALTY LIST IN FRONT OF HIM

addressed to Ethel. Like a flash, a vision of the probable reason for Dick Church's trip to Winnipeg must have got from the letter to my brain and back out again through my eyes, for Ethel picked the cursed thing up and put it away and asked me if I'd rather have tea or coffee.

So that was all of *that*.

As an apparent last straw to add to the troubles of the *Gazette*, and every other small daily in the country, came the war. The public think that a war is a fine thing for the newspapers, since it gives them so much news. But the public doesn't figure what it costs to get it. Why, if all those telegrams published in the official Blue Books of the belligerent countries had been sent even at press rates over any telegraph wire in Canada, the countries would have been so broke they couldn't have afforded to go to war at all. The only solution for the *Gazette* was to follow the lead of all the other western papers and put in their own leased wire. This meant $100 a week anyway, and if a couple of the boys, one from the reporters' room and one from the proof desk, hadn't got the fever and enlisted, Ethel's job would have gone for sure As it was, Bill Warman loaded both on to her and as I was doing nothing for very good reasons, and as I knew a lot of the places where the trouble was going to be, Bill asked me to take on the telegraph desk

Ethel took to proof reading like the Prussian officers took to the champagne of the looted French chateaux. I noticed, though, that whenever a casualty list came out, she read it over hurriedly before starting to look for mistakes and I knew what she was looking for.

War stuff got a bit of a rest for four days at the beginning of October while that bunch of beaneaters gave the finest machine in the world, four straight lessons in the art of baseball

We got a bulletin service over the wire and for those two hours when the games were on, every phone in the office would be ringing for details. It amused and at the same time fascinated me to hear the cultivated English voice giving out the jargon of the game. If the innings were a bit long, the operator at Winnipeg used to sandwich in a little War stuff, and any time that Mr. Gowdy would send the ball for a swim in the sea, we'd be sure to get a line or two. It would come this way—

> 3rd innings, 1st half—Mann whiffed, Marranville walked and stole 2nd on Evers' liner through Baker.
>
> Bulletin—London, Oct. 10th, 4.23 P M.—Havas despatch from Petrograd says that Premysyl is invested

Flash Evers's error on Gowdy's

[illegible] Gowdy for [illegible]

[illegible] of extra work [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CATHEDRAL IN MOSCOW — IVAN THE TERRIBLE ' BEING SO PLEASED WITH THE COMPLETED WORK FORESTALLED THE POSSIBILITY OF A DUPLICATION BY GOUGING THE ARCHITECT'S EYES OUT

but no doubt he would not have understood my sympathy. What seemed to me a tedious martyrdom for a child was to him only the day's work. Poor little Russian boy!

On Monday morning our real sightseeing began. We had been told that a man from our Englishman's office would be detailed to show us about; that we were to tell him what we wanted to see and he would conduct us.

As we were finishing our breakfast in our salon, someone rapped, and there stood our cicerone. He put his heels together, bowed low and kissed my hand before I could really grasp who he was. On the card he presented was an impossible Russian name; we were told afterwards that translated it means something very amusing. His first name was Sergius, and while he went downstairs to order a motor car, we, not having mastered his surname, decided to call him "Serge," if necessity compelled us to quick action.

We joined our guide downstairs and away we went in the taxi. We now had a chance to get a good look at him. He was nice looking, with a long dark beard, and wore glasses. These latter brought out a curious mannerism which rather fascinated me; they were not firmly poised on his nose and in his excitement he was eternally adjusting them. He spoke French and German and a very few words of English, had traveled in France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland, and was a most interesting and artistic man.

I have always hated church sightseeing, and my heart rather sank when my husband named the churches as the first sights we would see. But when our motor stopped at the Church of the Resurrection, the magnificent memorial to the martyred Alexander II., I knew that it was not an ordinary church that we were going to see.

It is situated on a square by the side of a canal. The exterior is dazzling to the eye in the vivid green, blue and yellow coloring of its mosaic The fantastically shaped cupolas and minarets express the Oriental idea The whole gives a dash of brilliancy, lighting up the sombre gray of the surrounding buildings

It is the custom of the Russians to build memorials to their murdered or dead emperors, and usually the memorial is placed on the spot of the murder. In this case the church was built, and in the church a chapel was erected over the very spot in the pavement where Alexander's murder was committed. To do this, the course of the canal had to be changed and it makes a decided curve

On entering, our guide at once secured a Russian to explain to us the beauties of the edifice. Then followed a three-fold explanation; first in Russian to our guide, then by him to me in French or German, and I passed it on in English. This we carried on all day. Small wonder that when evening came I was not sure which was my own language.

The little memorial chapel is railed in and roofed over by an ornamental grille surrounding the shattered paving stones where Alexander knelt. Jeweled lamps and lanterns of filigree gold, set with pearls, sapphires and turquoises, have been hung on this grille by religious enthusiasts who believe that the spirit of the martyred Tsar will grant them their prayers. "Serge" and our French friend frankly told us that these prayers were often for "thy neighbor's wife," luck at cards, or death to their opponent in an *affaire d'honneur*!

The upper windows which light this church are all of a specially constructed pale blue glass, so as to give always the idea of fair weather. The walls and columns and pictures of the saints are made entirely of mosaic; finer work than any that I ever saw in Rome. So smoothly are they polished that even in passing the hand over the surface it is difficult to believe that so many little pieces went to make up the beautiful whole. On either side of the magnificent doors hiding the sanctuary were imposing balustrades of a curiously transparent pink stone brought from Siberia, and so hard, so the guide told us, that diamond points were used in working it. Each column was carved in a different design, surpassingly beautiful. We passed be-

METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW IN PROCESSION WITHIN THE GATES OF THE KREMLIN

hind the balustrade and the men of the party entered the sanctuary. The courteous Russian guide explained to me, that no women could enter except those nuns who have been cloistered for sixty years,—"not even our Empress," he added by way of consolation.

As we were leaving the church, the guide gave me a handful of different colored mosaic pieces, and seeing my interest in the martyred emperor, told our Russian cicerone where we could see the shattered carriage in which Alexander was driving on the day of his death.

So away we went to the stable museum. It was on a Monday and so closed, but our friend presented the card of his firm and we were passed in and shown about. I could not take it all in on that day and now, weeks afterwards, only certain things stand out before me.

First of all, the simple black landau which we had gone to see; the back was torn to pieces by the first hand grenade thrown by a student at the drop of a woman's handkerchief, and which killed the faithful Kossak standing behind the Emperor. Alexander II. stepped out of the carriage, and was kneeling to offer thanks for his delivery, when the second bomb was thrown which mortally injured him. Foolish, foolish fanatic who by that cruel act, hardened so many powerful men against the people.

I remember also the sledges which Catherine had built for her masquerades; all sorts of monsters, hobgoblins and animals are represented, and one can picture the carnival scene on the Neva. Another room that stands out is the one holding the horse "clothes." All the trappings given as presents to the various Tsars by their Eastern tributaries. Showcase after showcase full of bridles, reins and horse blankets, all of the most exquisite red velvet, leather and gold, also embroidered with turquoises and seed pearls, as if these latter were as plentiful as the sands of the sea. In another room were the state carriages for the marriage and coronation festivities. I had exclaimed, remarked and wondered at the gold carriage which carried the royal pair to the Coronation in London a month before, and here there were not one, or even two, but dozens of them, more gorgeous with Watteau and Fragonard panels, more beautifully lined, more resplendent with diamond monograms on the doors.

It was in Catherine's reign that most of these equipages were built; no doubt at the instigation of her sybaritic taste and at the cost of her purse, ever-open for the greatest luxury of the hour. One could spend a day in this Museum and not see everything, and we had only a short half hour at our disposal.

From the Museum we drove to the St. Isaac's Cathedral. On the square in front of this church stands the statue of Peter the Great on a rearing horse. The Russian inscription on the pedestal means: "To Peter the First by Catherine the Second," and one involuntarily smiles at the naiveté of the compliment which she paid herself. I was told that the horse tramples on an adder, but as the boulder on which the horse and rider stand is thirty feet high, I can repeat this only as hearsay. This boulder in its original state, one-third again as large as it is now, was found on the shore of Finland and was brought to St. Petersburg by specially made bridges and roads, and rolled part of the way over cannon balls. The story runs also, that the tail is weighted with ten thousand pounds of lead to help balance this wonderful charger, but I will not listen to such unromantic detail; I would rather believe that the statue is the embodiment of the spirit of Peter the Great, and that as he looks out over the Neva, pointing with outstretched arm to his dominions, he has pulled up his steed in his ardor.

The St. Isaac's Cathedral stands on the site of a church built by this same indomitable ruler, which was struck by lightning and destroyed. We walked up the steps of its base and came to the three rows of monolith granite pillars, that uphold the porticos with their bronze friezes on each side, one hundred and twelve of these pillars in all. These pillars are sixty feet high, and seven feet in diameter surmounted by Corinthian capitols in bronze. We three tried to span one of them with our outstretched arms and could not even touch fingers.

We entered the church, and coming in from the daylight, could not see a thing. Not a ray of sunshine ever reaches the floor; the windows are placed very high and the rays strike across. The gloom and darkness are oppressing. The greatest impression created is the stupendous size of this cathedral; its very simplicity of design is its grandeur, and in this great holy place even the irreligious must feel that he is in the presence of Something, some Power, some Mystery too great for mortal to grasp.

The church is built in the shape of a Greek cross, with a large central dome supported by a circle of smaller pillars; I say smaller, only in comparison with the granite pillars outside. A space was railed off under the dome,

and we were told that a year ago there was found to be something wrong with the masonry, making it dangerous for people to pass under the dome. Nothing had been done by way of repairs, and our guide said with a shrug, that we might come back in ten years and find it in the same condition. The dome is gilded with real gold, at a fabulous expense, and is a landmark all over the city. As our eyes became used to the semi-darkness, we saw, set in the walls, rows of columns of malachite and lapis lazuli. Between these were panels portraying incidents in the lives of the saints, all carried out in polished mosaic. Beautiful beyond any description of mine was the dark blue robe of St. Catherine; in her hand was a sheaf of lilies fashioned in the same intricate way. Here also I was allowed to stand at the entrance of the Holy of Holies. The decoration throughout the building is in the blue, crimson and gold of the Byzantine art. As we came out of the Cathedral and looked back at it from the motor, we could readily believe that its construction lasted over three reigns and that its cost exceeded three and one quarter millions sterling.

I was very anxious to see the humble house of Peter the Great, after seeing so many of the wonders of his time, so we hurried there before our lunch. The little wooden structure has been preserved in its original state, and covered by a roof to protect it from the elements. The great man's table, bed and chair are shown, made mostly by himself. He never sat as we do in a chair, but rode it as he would a horse, and on the back was fastened a board which served him as desk. One of the rooms contains one of the most sacred of the ikons; the one, it is claimed, which Peter carried with him to the wars, and before it are burned day and night innumerable candles brought by the people making some petition At all times people are there praying, and when the room is full a priest comes in, dons an elaborate vestment and blesses the devotees. On his way out he dips his crucifix in a vessel of water, blessing it; the people drink of it, believing it to cure all ills. Between that, and crawling around, kissing the dirty floor, I am not surprised that sickness and disease are so prevalent.

Behind the house is Peter's boat, made by himself; perhaps it was the first one he built when he went incognito to Amsterdam, and worked for some time as a common shipwright. I don't know where he found the time to do so much really artistic manual work in wood, ivory and silver; as he is represented at the same time as a "war lord," ever busy quelling rebellions, and conquering the devastating hordes that beset him from all sides.

It was an exhausted trio that sat down to luncheon on a balcony overlooking the Nevski Prospect. Our Russian had been told to take us to a typical Russian restaurant, and I have no doubt it was that. We were offered first a cold soup; fortunately we were told what was in it, and so were saved in time from a weird experience. This soup is made of a kind of birch beer containing samples of all the Zakuska, raw fish and ham cut up fine, greens, cucumbers, slices of lemon, cranberries and pieces of ice floating about in it

Our Mr. "Serge" astonished us with stories of the petty tyrannies of the Government. He cannot, he told us, pass the night at his brother's house without first asking permission, and having his passport viséd by the police

BAZAAR FACING THE KREMLIN, WITH THE CHARACTERISTICALLY MELANCHOLY LOOKING CABBY SEEN THROUGH RUSSIA

Neither could he have a little company of six or eight persons in his apartment without permission asked and given. The concierge in every house is in the employ of the Government, and acts as a spy reporting everything that goes on in the lives of the various tenants. In speaking of the cost of living, he told us that if he took his ten little nieces and nephews out to the Islands on a Sunday afternoon, and offered them chocolate and cake, as any uncle would like to do, it would cost him about ten dollars. Since one portion per person of the native caviare costs one dollar and sixty-five cents in its own home, we were not surprised at these figures.

His description of the lives of the poor people was heartrending. Their only food, in the poorest classes, is the sour, heavy black bread, with an occasional cucumber. In the freezing winter weather sometimes ten people are herded together in a room provided not only with double windows but these windows hermetically sealed. Each one buys his own space in the room, which is frequently not more than enough for him to lie full length upon; there he brings his bedding and lives, if you can call that living. Small wonder that they one and all drink vodka in its cheapest, most fiery form and try to forget their poverty. Small wonder that their minds are atrophied, making them look more dull and stupid than the dumb animals. They are fatalists, made so by the heavy yoke of years of serfdom, and they follow a new leader as blindly as they followed Gapon, carrying out the commands of these leaders without thinking, since thought has never been allowed them.

We drove now through a poorer portion of the city; we passed the fish market and then various museums and public gardens. We came to a large building and were told that it was the Duma; that settled it. We were at once interested to see this scene of so many word battles and excited partisanship. Our Russian did not know if we would be admitted, as we had neither permit nor passport But with his usual willingness to oblige said that we would try it. We waited in the motor, while he went in and conversed with a very gorgeous Russian in uniform; we saw him produce a card, and that being carefully scrutinized, we were invited to come in. Then followed various introductions, of which we understood not one word; all the officials bowed and looked most affable, our names were signed in a book, a guide detailed for us and we were conducted into a large foyer hall.

The building now used exclusively for the Duma, was originally a palace, which Catherine the Great presented to her favorite, Potemkin, with three thousand men, as a reward for some battle in which he had been victorious. Of all her many favorites he must have been the worst, and pandered to her vanity and extravagance as none of the others knew how to do. It was in this very building, in that foyer that the famous balls were given, which are still the last word in Russia for elegance and splendor. It was Potemkin who caused the road between the Hermitage and his palace, to be strewn with sugar, to gratify the idly expressed whim of Catherine for a sleighing party in summer.

This foyer is very large, running the full width of the palace, and is used now for a converzatione and promenade for the members. A hall leads to the real meeting chamber, a simple, plain, austere room, where the seats are arranged in an amphitheatre, a centre aisle dividing the left from the right side, the Conservatives from the Liberals. Facing the seats is a platform on which are the President's desk and chair; directly in front of this desk is another desk, where the Member stands making a speech. On the right side of this desk a small square piece of yellow glass is let in, which throws a yellow light when a button is pressed on the President's desk. This light is used to call the speaker to order, when he so far forgets himself as to say something derogatory to the imperial family. On either side of the platform are boxes for the Ministry, and I sat in Stolypin's seat and tried to see in my mind's eye the hall as it must look to him filled with the representatives of the people.

There is a door on each side of the Chamber, through which the members pass when voting on a question. The voting is done as they go by a registering machine, no one but themselves knowing which way they voted. My sceptical mind saw vast possibilities for fraud in this arrangement.

What a land of frauds! The navy in the late war that was not seaworthy, that was put together from any cheap material that came to hand, manned and sent out to certain destruction, while the money raised for it was spent by the Grand Duke Alexis on a ballet dancer; the Red Cross Fund that was gambled away by the grand duchess who was at the head of this great organization in Russia; the ten thousand blankets which were donated to the army by a manufacturer, and then sold in the shops in St. Petersburg, restitution only being made to the donor when he threatened to close his factories and so throw thousands out of work. We were told that even the bronze tails of the horses of the Quadriga had been removed and iron ones substituted. Does it seem possible that in the remote villages of Russia the peasants do not know even now that their country was defeated in the disastrous war with Japan?

Let us sincerely hope that conditions have so radically changed in the past few years that the Government behind the Grand Duke Nicholas will give him and his army the support it so richly deserves. Russian soldiers have always been among the best in the world; Russian officers have always been brave: perhaps the bureaucracy is now becoming honest

As we stepped out of the motor before the Winter Palace, my independent, free, Canadian lord, wanted to take a picture of the Peter and Paul fortress opposite. I begged him in vain not to do so. I saw that it was creating great excitement in the Palace and our Russian ran over to warn him not to persist. Not knowing, some other part the camera [illegible] our sightseeing, I was very glad to see it taken by the hat and coat guardian.

On presentation of our card of admission and a thorough examination of our passport, a guide was found coming and we followed him up a beautiful staircase and began our wanderings through the state apartments. All state rooms are built alike in all palaces; these were more gorgeous, larger, higher, vaster in every way than any others that I had ever seen. In one room alone the doors of tortoise shell inlaid with most intricate gold design were said countless roubles. We passed from the state rooms [illegible] foyer forming a passage to the Royal theatre. The theatre was what the French so often call a bijou: all in white, [illegible] semi-circular seats covered with [illegible] cushions; the hangings as well as walls, all of satin. In the centre directly before the stage, were placed two armchairs for the royal pair. The special guardian of the theatre told us that sometimes the Tsar and Tsarina sit there all alone and witness a performance. Out in the foyer are thirty Kossaks who form the Tsar's bodyguard, and move only when he moves,—"Thy fate it is to guard him with thy head."

As we passed out again through the foyer, our attention was called to a long stretch of canvas on a wall between two windows; the canvas covering was tacked on very closely and for a good reason. Behind the covering is a tapestry presented to the Tsar by the Emir of Bokhara, one of the tribute payers to the Russian Crown. The Tsar could not refuse this present, but as the subject depicted is so disgracefully obscene and

Continued on page 315.

In the Forefront

THE WARLIKE PACIFIST, J. A. MACDONALD, ALL CELT AND NO SURRENDER; THE HON. ROBERT ROGERS WHO INTERRED RECIPROCITY; LOU SKUCE THE JOLLY JOY ARTIST OF THE TORONTO WORLD; GENERAL LESSARD, NAPOLEON OF FRENCH-CANADA; RALPH CONNOR THE MAN WITH THE BIG HEART

The Warlike Pacifist

J. A. Macdonald, of the Globe, who loves a row for righteousness' sake

By D. V. Aldworth

THE fattest and flashiest five cents' worth in Canadian newspaperdom is undoubtedly the *Toronto Sunday World*, and the slimmest and sauciest five cents' worth is undeniably *Jack Canuck;* the biggest-daily-circulation race will doubtless continue to lie between the *Montreal Star* and its Toronto namesake; and the high-chief-Ananiaship will annually be allotted to the——but that depends entirely on your politics of course, so we'll leave it to you.

But there's only one journal that could announce itself as "Canada's National Newspaper"—and get away with it—and that's the *Globe*.

Honest and truthfully, whether you yell for Sir Wilfrid or Sir Robert, whether you cheer or jeer at the present Minister of Militia, whether you see red or blue at election time, you can't help acknowledging that the corner of Yonge and Melinda undoubtedly turns out a War Summary that summarizes, scareheads that don't scare unless they've got to, and an editorial page that is on a plane by itself. It mayn't be your plane, and it mayn't be mine, any more than it's Mutt-and-Jeff's, but it displays the real goods in the way of canned oratory.

A man's father may have hailed from Yorkshire or from Devon, and the man himself comfortably seated in his Canadian swivel chair, may never once allude to the fact. But if his great-grandparents thrice removed, dwelt in Galway or Glenurquhart or some little Welsh town, hump-backed under half the consonantal alphabet, you won't be in his presence an hour until he tells you so.

In other words, murder will out. And Celtic blood is bound to advertise itself.

And Dr. James A. Macdonald is a Celt.

The easy, insouciant, divil-may-care, joke-and-joust Irishman with his soft green hills and his blarneying smiles has little in common with his cousin from the Hielands, in whom the dancing blaze has become a still, slow-eating smoulder, capable of bursting out into the most astounding conflagrations of religious zeal or partisan devotion.

And yet, as Dr. Macdonald says, all Celts are alike in this, that they are full of warm impulses, which blaze best and highest in defense of unreachable ideals and lost causes.

Dr. Macdonald ought to know. He himself has Grant and Cameron blood feeding the brain behind the pibroch of his pen. His ancestor Euan Macdonald escaped from Glencoe on the morning of the Massacre, carrying his little son on his back. That same son fought for the Stuarts at Culloden, and thirty years later, the family broadsword was again unsheathed to defend its King in North Carolina.

And yet, until Belgium was invaded this summer, you couldn't have found a more confirmed pacifist than the descendant of the claymore swingers.

For a good many years, peace has been the subject of the Doctor's speeches and writings. Even yet you can see her white wings beating up through the murk of War, as the *Globe's* editorials strike forward into the time that Wilhelm will not see.

Lost cause? Peace is no lost cause. With Celtic second sight, the *Globe* exclaims:

'Canada enlists as a volunteer nation in this War, to the end that not German despotism alone, but all national despotisms, shall be destroyed. This is our nation's first War. We thank the God of Battles that in it we fight that War itself between the nations may be vanquished. Not for Things as They Were, but for Things as They Ought to Be, does Canada draw the sword. The old order is scarce worth fighting for—the old god of Force, the old nightmare of Fear, the old glory of War. Back on the rubbish heap of an outgrown Yesterday let all these things be cast. Canada is the child of To-morrow. Let the autocracies and the despotisms that take the

THE CELT WHO TURNS HIS ANCESTRAL SWORD INTO A PEN

THE HONORABLE ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

sword, perish by the sword Their day is done. Out of the blackness of their last night a new morning begins to break. And Canada will fight on against the coming of that day "

And yet, while war rages, the ranks must be filled.

"The man who goes," says the *Globe's* editor, "must go obedient to those high motives of patriotism and service which redeem from its worst even the drudgery and disappointment and sad tragedy of war. The man who stays must stay in obedience to the same motives, not selfishly, but in the spirit of sacrifice, going softly all his days, and making his farmwork, his shopwork, his office work, a sacred thing, heroic as had been his service on the tented field, patriotic as death in the front of battle

Previous to this year, when not preaching peace, the Culloden-captain's greatest grandson could have been found deifying democracy and still further outraging the clan system by advocating the abolishment of all lines of division in favor of internationalism.

And yet, if Euan could have looked over the editor's shoulder, he would have recognized the manner if not the matter of the editorials For their writer is the most warlike pacifist, the most dominating and dogmatic democrat, the Scotchiest internationalist that you ever saw!

If you're born with printers' ink in your blood and a period on your pen nib, nobody can train it out of you, nor can you be operated on, exhorted at, or sent up river so as to successfully obliterate the fatal tendency Macdonald had edited the Knox College Monthly during his university days, but he thought he could get away from it. He doesn't use the "reverend" now, having so widened the walls of his kirk, but everyone knows that when he graduated in 1887, he expected to talk to some hundreds a Sunday until the Session superannuated him

But he couldn't stick to it

In 1896 he backslid, and founded the *Westminster*, which was so successful that six years later he was called to the corner of Yonge and Melinda, which was the most congenial call that he could have received. And the best one for the parish

His daily audience now consists of all the readers of the eighty thousand copies of the *Globe*, to say nothing of the millions of outsiders once a month or so, who see his leaders when the American papers copy them

But the doctor does more than turn periods. I have no confidential representative on the Board of Governors, or whatever the thing calls itself to which the editor is newspaperfully responsible, but I doubt not they had a fluttering time of it when "this wild stirring bugle from the Highlands" first blared from the clock corner. It played a stave or two about the Ross Government that must have been embarassing to say the least; it gave tongue against its own side in the matter of the Northwest schools; it is currently reported as having some two score libel suits to its credit; and what it did—or did not do—to Reciprocity is a matter of history.

Most editors are too shy as well as too inky-fingered to go in for gesturing, but Dr. Macdonald holds the platform against all comers on either side of the line, so much so indeed that there are few silver tongues who will sit chair-by-chair with him any more, fearing the comparison. He has addressed Ad men and newspapermen, chiefs of insurance, Boston Forefather worshippers, Chicago University professors. He bore a message from President Taft to the two great Presbyterian Assemblies of Scotland. Rumor has it that he refused the successorship to Sir Wilfrid.

In all this, the *Globe's* editor becomes a shining mark for criticism.

Does he care? Certainly. He just eats it

Like many another great man, he loves the limelight. Also, he loves a row for righteousness' sake. Also again, he knows that when he turned his ancestors' sword into a fountain pen and from that into a linotype, it lost nothing in the turning.

The Hon. Bob Rogers

Who Has Won a Big Name, a Fair Wife and a Place in the Cabinet

By Madge Macbeth

THE MAN who is known to the Cabinet members as the Hon. R. R. was born in Lakefield, in the County of Argenteuil, Quebec. Sounding French, it gives the lie to its name, for it is settled almost entirely by the Scotch element, and scarcely a word of French is spoken there. Mr. Rogers, however, lends an added diversion to the combination by being of Irish descent. His calm assured self-possession would sometimes belie that fact, until one looks again and sees the suspicion of the twinkle which is in the eyes of all true Irishmen. His father was Lt. Colonel G. Rogers, and his mother's maiden name was Dora Moore. His education was not unusual but he was something of a spot-light scholar, finishing in Montreal what had been begun in Berthier and Lachute. Every one within fifty miles of Charlevoix found time once a week or so to make a trip to the general store; if they did not trade merchandise, they swapped opinions with the highly popular proprietor—Bob! And they usually took away with them, if they were so inclined, two or three short sentences which contained more wisdom than could be digested in as many weeks. It was in this atmosphere that the early years of a political power that was destined to be known from one end of the Dominion to the other, were spent. For fifteen years Robert Rogers held sway in this community.

He went West in 1881 At that time, Canada, like our incomparable Wallingford, thrilled with a noble

desire to get-rich-quick. And some one more enterprising than the rest, had commenced the great Manitoba boom of the early '80's. Perhaps a half a dozen Wallingfords strained the capacity of the bank vaults, but the rest—the pitiful rest—staggered on under the burden of heavy taxation and the vision of vanishing wealth.

Mr. Rogers had not gone West hanging to the caboose of a freight, as so many of his imaginative countrymen had done; he went *de luxe*, with a bankroll thick enough to be a safeguard against immediate emergencies. The calcium at once began to shine on this young captain of industry, who went straight to Clearwater, where he opened a general store on a larger and more ambitious scale than any in those parts. Here he launched into cattle-raising, grain-buying and mining operations. The fishing industry was just then attracting the attention of all far-seeing business men, and Robert Rogers, with his characteristic insight into the future, cast his net with the Rat Portage Company, which soon shipped tons of frozen white fish celebrated as the famous White-fish-of-the-Lake-of-the-Woods—to the Chicago markets.

His business interests now running smoothly and lucratively, Mr. Rogers turned his steel blue eyes to politics. In this game he was not quite so successful, at first. In 1886, he waged a fruitless campaign against Greenway, who was then Premier in the division of Mountain. It was a heated battle, but the defeat seemed only to make Robert Rogers the more keen. The edge was taken off the next defeat, in 1893, because of the fact of his having walked a space with the kinder jade—Romance—and taking unto himself a wife. The beauty of Miss Aurelia Regina Widmeyer is not forgotten in this day of grace, 1915. Indeed, so youthful is her appearance that amusing situations are continually arising, and the idea of grandparentage is too utterly ridiculous to be associated with her. Mrs. Rogers' hospitable instincts assure her social success.

Said a wag at a Winnipeg ball, one night,

"Who is that man against the wall, yonder ?"

"My son," replied Mrs. Rogers.

"Nonsense," returned the other, "you don't look old enough to have a grown son. You should tell people that he is the son of Rogers' first wife."

As the Hon. Bob has had but one wife, this is happily true.

Refusing to be balked, and showing the spirit of determination which is entirely characteristic, Mr. Rogers persevered and was elected to the Manitoba House in 1899 and again at the elections in 1903 and 1907. He was also appointed Member of the Executive Council, without portfolio, in 1900. Later, was made Minister of Public Works in Manitoba, which office he held until 1911 when the Liberal tornado blew him into Ottawa Previous to this, however, he was acting Premier of the Province, and so great was his popularity among his colleagues that they presented him with a splendid service of silver plate.

Being a strong Imperialist and a Tariff Reformer, he was not entirely unprepared for the trip to Ottawa. His campaign organization for the Conservative Party is now a matter of history, and at the formation of the Borden Cabinet, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Interior. His election in Winnipeg was sweeping, his success being quite enough to make up for the more or less unimportant defeats of his younger days.

Notwithstanding, his popularity across the border is well recognized He is a welcomed member of a large Minneapolis Club.

Now, he occupies the much more important office of Minister of Public Works, and is said to be the busiest man in the Cabinet. Even with an appointment, one waits the best part of a morning, for five minutes conversation with the Minister.

To the world, the Hon Robert Rogers is a cold, calmly-calculating statesman, a dyed-in-the-wool Tory.

Rousing him to anger, trapping him into an incriminating admission on the floor of the House, even his most vitriolic opponents find impossible. In business dealings, the Minister is impatient of detail and departmental red tape. By which is meant, that he would like to conduct his department in a crisp, sane fashion, with the right job given to the right man, regardless of sops thrown here and there amongst the doddering parasites of every party

He is credited as being the "most genial and hospitable host in Canada." He is never so happy as when entertaining, and, "gives a party" on the least possible excuse. A pleasing incident occurred last spring illustrative of this. His bitter political opponent, Dr Beland, who happened to be upon the Redistribution Committee with him, was about to embark for Belgium and a countess bride. Regardless of political differences, the Minister gave Dr. Beland such a banquet as a king might have attended, thereby earning for himself adverse criticism from some of his less broad-minded following

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have had the honor of placing their handsome residence at the disposal of our Royal Governor-General and suite each time

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MRS. ROGERS LOOKS YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE HER SON'S BIG SISTER

The Jolly Joy-Artist

Who draws High Heels and Hockey and a Hefty Check

By John F. Charteris

NOWADAYS, when so much that is called "art for art's sake" might better be labelled "cheek for check's sake," it is decidedly refreshing to hear about a popular entertainer who works until three a.m., and gets up again at seven, and works some more, not because the divine fire won't let him stay in bed, but because you can't keep an ornery anthracite blaze going without money.

If a man stuck to such work hours, morning by morning, he'd be a grind or an alarm clock, and his salary would remain as stationary as his schedule. When he does it once in a while, just for clear freakishness, because he feels that the wee small time is the designated time for him to dig into his newest and latest sporting strip, or fling a saucy bit of prettiness across the ice on her skates for the front page of the Sunday, or sketch a correctly posed and ultramodishly gowned fashion lady for a magazine cover, then you hit on the inevitable explanation that he's a genius.

Also, when you hear about hockey and high heels on the same drawing board, you may guess that their creator's name might be Lou Skuce of the *Toronto World*. And that's what it is.

Lou was born in Ottawa but the town was too chilly, both as to thermometer and paychecks, for him to remain in it. To be sure, the Ottawans can still remember the advertising show cards he used to do when he wasn't dodging the truant officer, or shifting scenery in the theatre, or chalking Sir Wilfrid Laurier on some Tory neighbor's back fence. Later on, he even landed a job on the *Free Press*. But he was too lazy to keep it and too ambitious for it to keep him, so he drifted Torontoward, where he is still at anchor.

When the *World* cartoonist does his sporting strip, he not only works from eye-memory but from muscle-experience. He won the Canadian single championship in canoeing when he was seventeen. Later, he and his brother took the double championship, and with three others he romped off with the fours. He also played rugby with such success that he landed a place on the Ottawa Rough Riders.

But it isn't in summer that Lou really loves doing his sport cartoons. Nay, nay. Wait till you see his hockey stuff.

For in that field he was a professional and as good at it, he will assure you, as he ever hopes to be at cartooning. The illustration in this sketch is taken from a three-to-seven a.m. masterpiece, depicting the defense of the Border by the hockey men against the threatened German invasion. And if you grin once you'll grin twenty times when you get on the various expressions, Teutonic and otherwise, that crowd the ice.

You won't be surprised to hear that Lou is keen on the Y. M. C. A., too, that many a small boy who spent inky-fingered days around the World office, has the cartoonist to thank for his unexpected chance to attend a football or a hockey game. He took a notion like that one day too and slipped in the rooms and at the youngster grew [illegible] sport, he can hook Lou's pencil straight ahead after that.

As you might suppose, the [illegible] artist has a softer-than-usual spot in his kind [illegible] who aspires to illustrate and if the young people show talent, Lou will go to the [illegible] it. One of the most promising of Toronto's rising illustrators got in and got over with no other help than a few lessons and a friendly pat or two from the *World* artist.

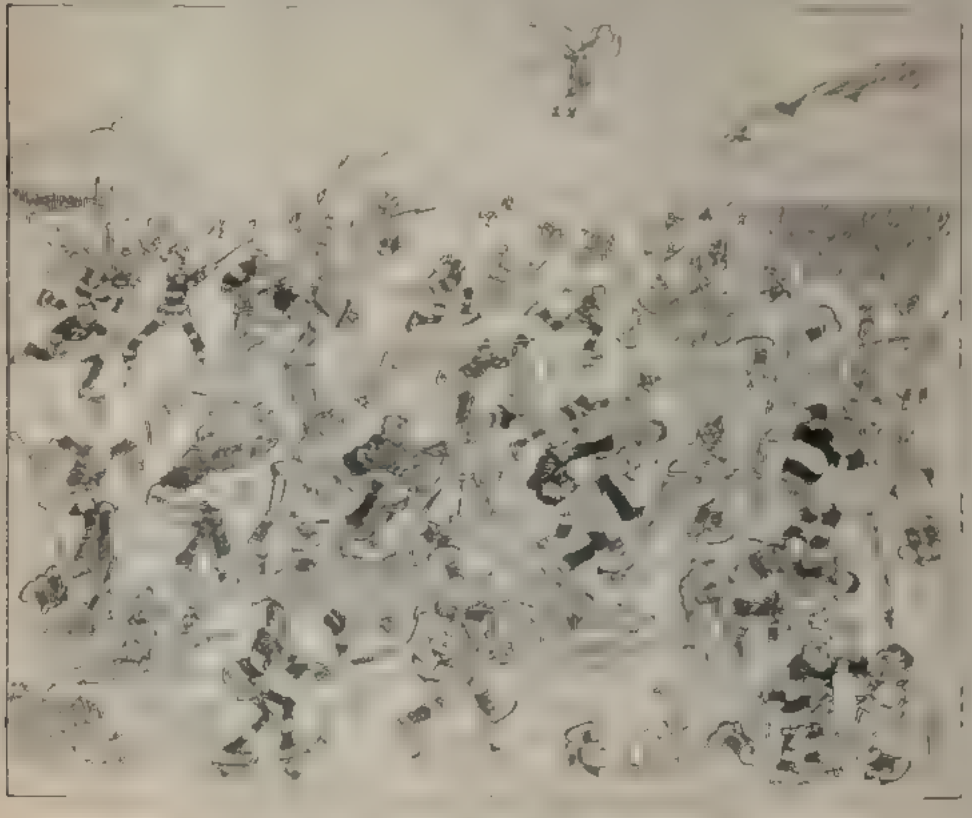
Like all geniuses, the cartoonist in question has his vice. Nearer, please, till I whisper it—*book agents*! Yes, sir. He's a child in their hands. He can't say no. Fortunately, he can afford to indulge his weakness and seems even proud of it, shelf after shelf of real-leatherette wisdom.

Does he read it?

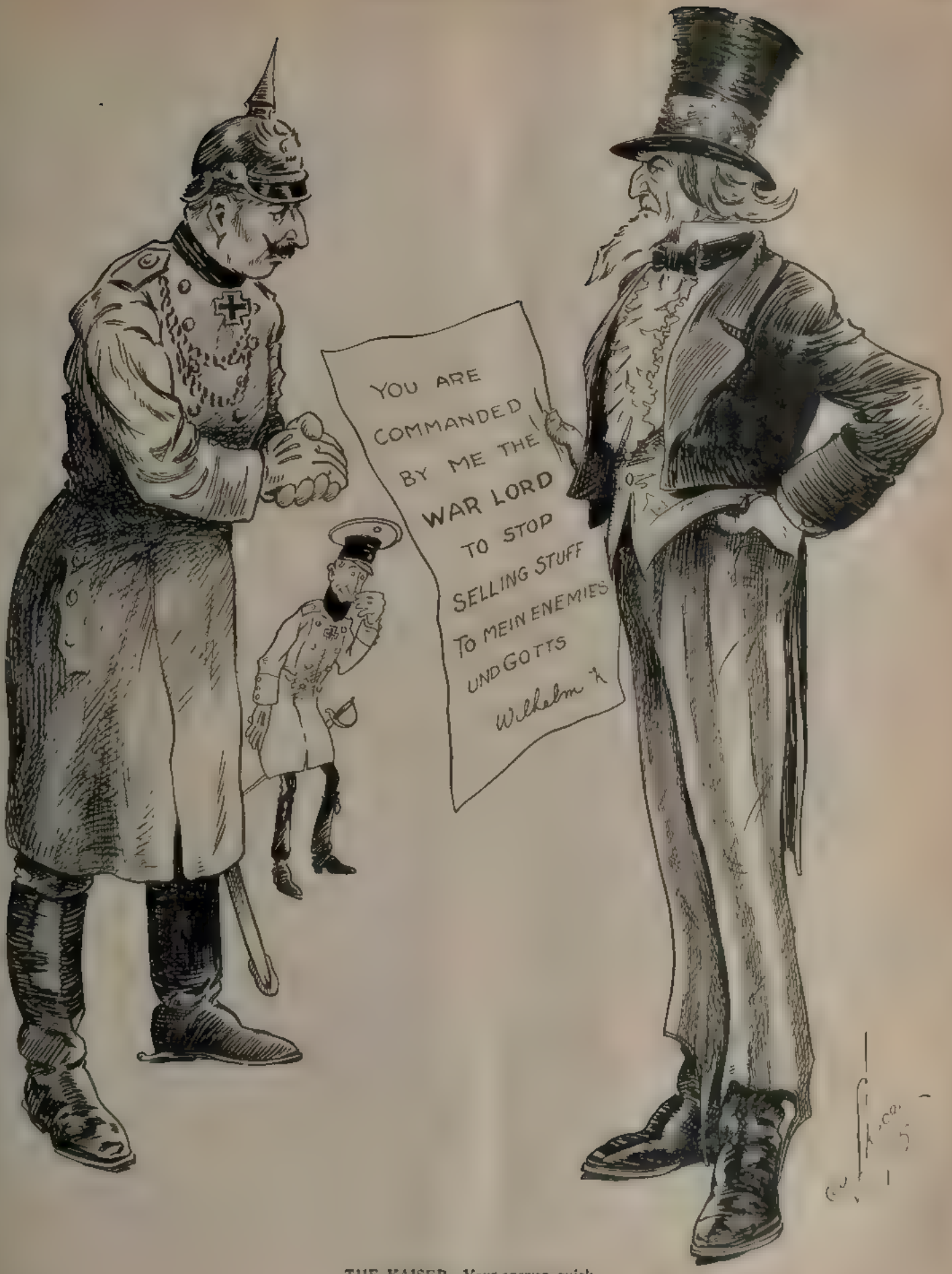
Why should he? Who ever thought of reading by the yard? It would be like eating by the cookbookful. Julius Caesar in the library however gives you the same safe-and-sane sort of feeling that Marion Harland does on the ledge over the gas stove. They're there for company.

There was only one bunch of work that the jolly joy-artist didn't like, and that was what he had to do during the Reciprocity Campaign. It's hard lines to have to turn a man's mouth down at a prospect that elevates your own. Harder still when you consider that Billy Maclean and the Borden's got out and Sir Wilfrid and Lou Skuce didn't.

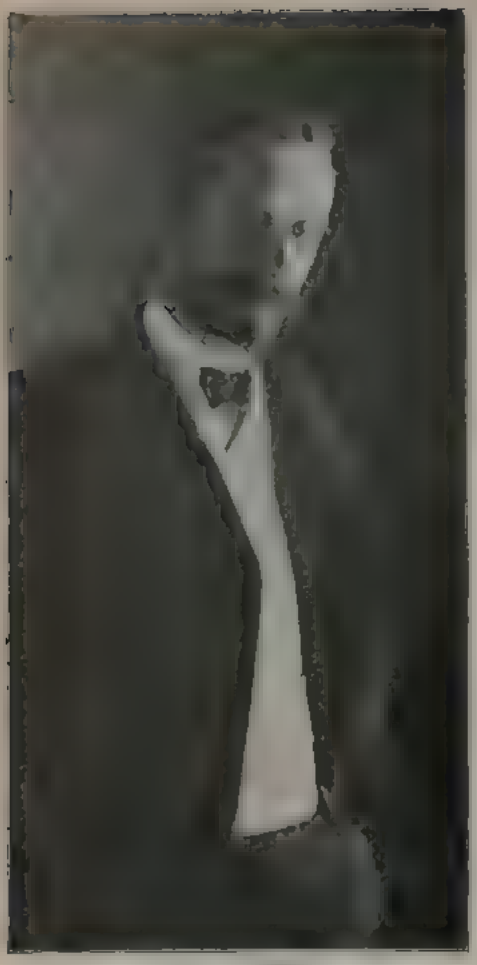
For the rest, however, his day's stunt is an unmitigated joy, even down to doing his own plate work, which takes more time and skill than the philistine would suppose, and more terminology and grey matter to describe than the writer has left. Anyhow, Lou not only sketches the war-featured girl, but he puts the red and the yellow and the blue onto those separate plates for her face, and so turns out pretty, and the dear public buys some hundred and forty thousand copies of her every week she's on exhibition. So even if he isn't a genuis like I said he was, he succeeds in landing the impression on his pay check.



THIS IS SKUCE'S IDEA OF WHAT THE HOME DEFENCE GUARD WOULD DO TO A GERMAN INVASION VIA NIAGARA



THE KAISER—Your answer, quick
UNCLE SAM—Go to Blazes!



REV. C. W. GORDON
"The man with a heart"

"Oor Ain Charlie"

"Ralph Connor," who can turn a furrow, change a heart or write a best-seller

By Gwendolyn MacLeod

"A BUILDER of Canadian literature." is the way the admirers of Ralph Connor's books refer to him: and he's jotted down as the "Reverend Charles W. Gordon" by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada—but to the Highland folk of Glengary he's "Oor ain Charlie Gordon." Any of these names are familiar from coast to coast

Ralph Connor came of ministerial stock, his father being the Rev. Daniel Gordon, a Highlander, who came to Canada in the early forties and settled in Glengary. The Rev. Daniel was a man of real force and originality, possessing a double portion of that white heat eloquence some Highlanders are endowed with; and in the course of a sermon if he got sufficiently worked up to his subject—which more often than not was Hell fire—and felt like taking his coat off he took it off. He was admired by his parishioners, and the community as well, but it was to Ralph Connor's mother, Glengary gave its heart. The key to the woman's character is in the one fact that she came to this unbroken wilderness and accomplished the herculean task of mastering the Gaelic language, so that she might the more readily minister to her husband's congregation. It is also said of her, that each week for many years she rode eighteen miles on horseback, taking her babies with her, to teach a Bible class and hold a women's meeting

Thus, in 1860, the Charles Gordon we know entered this life with a heritage such as few possess. He received his education at Knox College and Toronto University, and disproved the common belief that the makers of literature are not practical, by earning every dollar that paid his way. He first obtained the necessary wherewithal by working in the wheatfields, and at a later date when he had become of age, he taught school. Some have attributed the reason for his characters being real flesh and blood humans, not merely so much type matter, to the fact that he had to get out and "break" the road before he could drive on. After finishing his course at College he spent a year in Edinburgh and on his return, he and his brother went far up into the forest on Lake Nipissing, rarely seeing a paleface. From there he went to Banff where he had a characteristically picturesque three years.

The Rev. C. W. Gordon's ministry then, as now, was not conducted on any narrow hide-bound ritualistic basis. A story is told of a seething hot Sabbath—the kind when we sit in poker-like martyrdom in the family pew, and the only thing that makes it bearable at all is the fact that "Dad" in the coat and "choker" he only wears to church and funerals, is equally uncomfortable and is rebelling at heart quite as much as we are. During the sermon the Reverend Charles W.'s eye reverted constantly to a far corner of the church where the owner of a hopeless, tired out face that was marked Scottish, was sitting. The look went to his heart, so for the closing hymn he sang, "I'm wearin' awa Jean." It wasn't an orthodox gospel solo and I'm not saying he'd do it in Winnipeg but it worked, and it's such human understanding things as these that make Ralph Connor "oor ain Charlie."

It is rather amusing now, to compare the straggling uncertain few who used to be coaxed out to the little isolated Presbyterian church, with the surging crowds who elbow and shove to get in to St Stephen's in Winnipeg. It's quite superfluous to tell of the jammed entrance, and the church that can't seat all who would hear "the man with

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Gen. Lessard, C. B.

Canada's Napoleon, the Inspector-General of the Eastern Division

By Irene B. Wrenshall

IT'S the proudest boast that we, here in Canada, can make—that we give the biggest gifts, the highest honors in our disposal, with exactly the same delight to the men who have earned them, whether they be English-Canadian or French-Canadian. That's one of the things which makes the Dominion the whole souled, hearty sort of country it is—forgive the conceit,—and that makes the rush to enlist and fight for the mother country just as strong in the section where the patois of early French Canadian and Indian days is heard, as in Ontario or the West.

Just now we are being "especially proud" that one of the highest positions in our Canadian military world, the Inspector Generalship of the Eastern Division, is being held by a French-Canadian, General Francois Louis Lessard, C. B

"He's the last man in the world that you would take for an Inspector General," laughs one of his confreres, "if you are looking for a strutting gold-lace sort of an individual. We call him the Napoleon of the Canadian army for there's no give up about him."

And that's what you think of when you see him, as the writer did one crisp winter morning in the official administration building.

It was intensely cold out of doors with the thermometer ranging somewhere about zero, but there was no chill in the air inside the official department, typewriters going without cessation, orders being hastily given and as hastily carried out, and everything being done with exact military precision. The General was outside, somewhere in the exhibition grounds, looking over his men, but presently he came in, his sturdily built figure being heightened in its military distinction, by his short service overcoat, and plain khaki cap. He looked every inch of what he is—a soldier, not a drawing room figure, with clanking sword and blazing epaulettes, but a hard service commander, a virile son of a virile country. In his first words of greeting as he apologized for the heat of the room, in his affable and informal fashion, laughing as he said, "The boys are evidently trying to 'make it hot' for me, roasting me out in this way," he betrayed his French Canadian

origin, in the soft inflection which characterized his speech.

He would talk about everything else, this North American Napoleon, with his kindly face, his firm jaw and his black eyes, at once a comrade and a leader, but he could not and would not talk about himself. Unassuming and deprecatory he would shrug his shoulders in typical French style and say, "Don't let us talk about me, talk about Toronto, which is my favorite city, or about the boys, or about the war." And, as is usually what follows when a general issues commands, he got his own way, and was soon deep in describing manoeuvres, and "how well the 'boys' were getting on in their training," and all of the little things not forbidden by "red tape."

But if General Lessard won't talk about himself, with the single exception of telling you that he has some Highland fighting blood on his mother's side, and the rest of him is Canadian, exported from Old France, there are plenty of people who are quite willing to talk about him. Men of the Hunt Club in Toronto, for the General is an ardent horseman, officers who fought side by side with him through the South African war, and, best of all, the men under his former command; soldiers who, in spite of his powers as a disciplinarian, and they are many, and his quick temper, will tell you that there isn't a truer soldier in Canada than Lessard, nor an officer better qualified to command troops in action. His personal popularity has grown and strengthened since the days when, as a full private, he entered his first regiment, the Queen's Garrison Artillery, at Montreal. His first appointment came as a second lieutenant when he was twenty years old, and in the following year he was gazetted as a first lieutenant in the same regiment, transferring to the 65th Regiment a few months later, and to Cavalry Squadron C. in the same year. From then on his promotion was steady, Captain, then Major of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, then Brevet Lieut. Col. in 1901 with the title substantiated in 1907, and finally Major-General and G.O.C., of the 2nd Cavalry division in 1912, with the crowning honor of Inspector General of the Eastern Division, in December last.

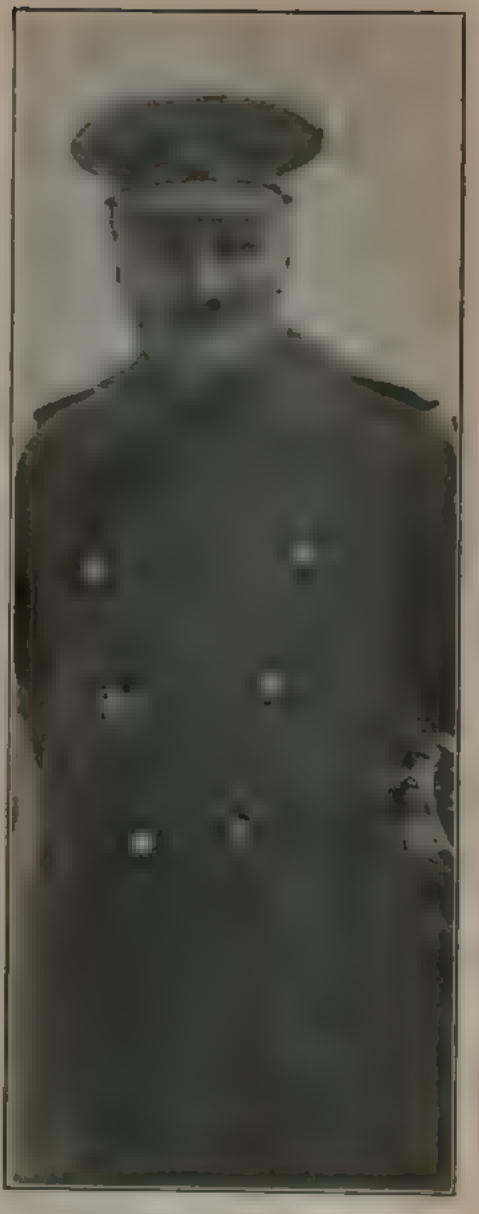
The North West Rebellion, which gave so many of the officers of later years a taste for military life, found him in Cavalry Squadron C., and won him his first medal. It was in the South African war where he was in command of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, that his military career first attracted the attention of Canadians in general, and where he received his Order as Military Companion of the Bath. If you look in the military list you will find a long array of operations and actions in which he figured, and the important words at the foot "mentioned in despatches." Going out with the first contingent he remained in South Africa from 1899 to 1901, commanding the Dragoons, which he still calls "my boys," in the Orange Free State, in the Transvaal and in Cape Colony, and winning the Queen's medal with five clasps.

It is the little incidents that show up the big man and one of the many instances of General Lessard's personal interest in his men occurred during the South African war, and was related by one of his fellow officers.

"One of the first times the Canadians were in action, at Vaal River, one troop of Lessard's command, in performing a little flanking movement, had gone too far away from the main body and were exposed to heavy rifle and pompom fire. They were in grave danger of being surrounded. Prompt action on the part of their colonel was the only thing that prevented the latter, but he could not save them from a withering fire which threatened to wipe them out. Fortunately it was near the close of the day and under cover of the darkness, to the surprise of the rest of the force, the endangered Canadians crept back, one by one, and two by two, each one not knowing what had become of the rest, thinking they were the only ones who had escaped, and telling blood curdling stories of their experiences, on their return. When the Sergeant Major called the roll, he found that every man was in his place by 11 p. m.!

"All were in turn astonished to see each other and were welcomed as men risen from the dead by their comrades. When General Lessard heard the good news, tears of gratitude came into his eyes, and when the suggestion was made by the acting chaplain that the men be gathered together and their attention called to the miraculous escape of their comrades, he immediately gave orders to that effect. When the Doxology was recommended along with a thanksgiving prayer, Lessard enquired as to what the Doxology was, having never heard it. The first few words being repeated to him he exclaimed at once, 'That will do, that will do, that is just what I feel.' The men talk of it still, that quiet evening service, with the Doxology sung, and their commanding officer's face as he listened, and watched them retire quietly to their bivouacs.

"And his love for his men is always present," went on the narrator. "At the funerals of Borden, and Birch, Spencer and Radcliff, Filson Bilder and Anderson, Lessard as commanding officer, was, in every sense, the chief mourner.



GEN. F. L. LESSARD, C. B.
He loves his horses first, then his men, then his officers, and lastly himself

His love for his men is that of a brother, and yet he was always a strict disciplinarian, his orders being promptly obeyed with the usual amount of military fear and regard, but with an extra amount of affectionate appreciation and respect."

There is a saying round the camp that the General's affections and regards run something like this—first his horses—then his men—then his officers then himself. There is an incident which is told illustrative of this well known care for the animals.

The General has always been constantly looking after their interests and rebuking the men for lack of care, and any abuses to which his attention was called. On one occasion in South Africa where a horse's daily and only ration was nine pounds of oats, one of the men, being provoked at the

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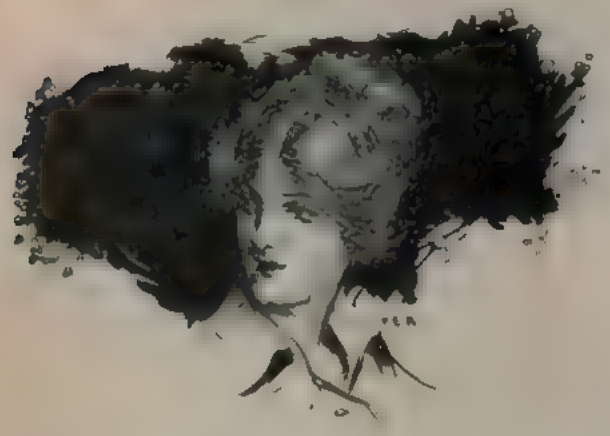
The Mystery of the Jade Earring



By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey returns for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen by a bit of amateur detective work. They find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio Jeffrey learns that Tego, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his strange experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, he finds a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning, he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own scenes from a different. Next morning the portrait has disappeared. He hurries to leave Paris and, on the night before his departure, was startled to see a woman noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later Drew received the Meredith commission. On opening the photographs he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blush green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that there was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" [illegible] the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait showing the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims: "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EVEN BREAK

"DOES he mean," asked Jeffrey, turning to me, "the girl Gwendolyn was telling me about last night—the girl who had been murdered and thrown into the river?"

"That's who I mean," said Richards. "This is the first clue we have found as to who she might be. What do you know about her?"

Jeffrey didn't answer. Instead he went over to his "kodak corner," rolled up his sleeves and looked as though the only thing of importance in life was my opinion of his latest photographic reproduction.

Richards repeated his question. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing," said Jeffrey.

There was another silence.

"Come along, then!" said Richards impatiently. "I want to find out all you know about her."

"I know nothing about her, I tell you," said Jeffrey. "I never even heard of her till last night."

"You painted her portrait," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, if that's what you want," said Jeffrey, "I can tell you a little, but not so very much. This is the portrait of Miss Claire Meredith. She was, I understand, a very charming young lady, with considerable artistic talent and the expectation of a very large fortune, which she would have inherited from a wealthy maiden aunt had she survived her. As it is, this young lady died three years ago in Paris of small-pox. Her aunt, who is as rich as she is eccentric, and as eccentric as she is rich, has ever since been inconsolable over her loss, and last November commissioned me to paint this portrait. If you want to find out more about the young lady, you will have to go to the old one."

"You never saw the girl yourself? You said she lived in Paris, didn't you?"

"She died the year before I made my last visit to Paris," said Jeffrey. "I painted this from a photograph."

The lieutenant himself was now looking thoughtfully at the canvas.

Jeffrey laughed. "No spirit-painting about this, lieutenant. The spirit-portrait was the one I washed off just now."

"Well, it's a good picture of her, all right—of the girl they found in the ice, I mean. It's almost as good as a photograph of her. You can see who it's meant for right off."

"Did you happen to notice," asked Jeffrey suddenly, "whether the paint was wet—I mean the outer coat that had been put on over this—when it was brought into the station?"

"I couldn't say," Richards answered. "I don't believe so, though. Because it would have messed up everything if it had been. There wasn't any over over it. Why?"

"I was wondering," said Jeffrey, "why they painted over it. Of course the obvious explanation would be that the raid had been tipped off, just as police raids usually are."

"Like hell, they are," said Richards. "If ever any one was caught with the goods, that bunch was. Tipped off! Who do you think you're talking to?"

Jeffrey laughed.

"To an ornament to the force," he said. "But you needn't look so fierce about it. I'm not a reformer. And anyway, in this case, if the raid had been tipped off, the paint would have been wet on the canvas. Unless, of course, they got hold of the schedule of raids several days in advance."

The lieutenant snorted. He was too indignant for articulate remonstance.

"But I can't think of any other reason," Jeffrey went on, "why they should take the trouble to disguise the picture."

"You can't?" said Richards

"No," said Jeffrey, "and I don't believe you can."

"Well, then, Mr. Sherlocko, you'd better stick to painting portraits and leave crime to the police. I'm just a plain bluecoat, but I can see a reason."

He gave his attention to the portrait again; held up his hands so that they framed off the shining mass of hair and scrutinized the mask itself.

"It's like her," he said, "but only in a general sort of way."

"What is the reason then?" asked Jeffrey, apparently paying no attention to this last remark.

"It's so simple," said the lieutenant, "I'm ashamed to tell you."

"Out with it!" said Jeffrey. "I play fair. I acknowledge when I'm wrong. You certainly did a good job getting this portrait back. That was a fine, clean piece of reasoning."

"Well," demanded the lieutenant, "doesn't that reasoning help you to find a reason why they should disguise the portrait? Why did they take it in the first place? Because they wanted a ringer for this dead girl, so that the old dame who ordered the portrait—"

He didn't bother to complete the sentence, but went on thoughtfully after a moment's silence.

"You say she hasn't any family?"

Jeffrey nodded

"And that she's rich and nutty?"

"Eccentric was my word," said Jeffrey.

"And that she can't get over losing the girl?" Richards went on. "Why, the thing's as plain as the nose on your face."

Jeffrey stroked that member thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "you're putting it all over me to-day. Perhaps I can work it out after a night's sleep."

Richards got up decisively and put on his overcoat.

"Well, I've done theorizing enough for one day," he said. "Now I'm going to get busy."

"I don't suppose you'd tell us what you are going to do for anything in the world," said Jeffrey.

"Oh, I don't mind telling. I've got nothing up my sleeve. Everything done in full sight of the audience. I'm going to round up those spiritualists."

Jeffrey laughed. "Good luck to you," he said.

There was a step in the corridor outside, a short double ring at the bell, and a miscellaneous assortment of letters fell through the mail-slot in the door upon the floor inside.

Jeffrey went over in a leisurely way and began picking them up. He always had a large, variegated and interesting looking mail. But the thing that was absorbing his attention just now was a Japanese picture-postcard It absorbed him so completely that Richards delayed his farewell and both of us stood watching him curiously.

"How are you going to find those spiritualists?" he asked at last "You've put them out of business, haven't you?"

"Oh, they're not far away," said the lieutenant. "We'll find them. It may be rather a long job, from your point of view, but I think we'll have them in a week."

"I've a notion," said Jeffrey, "that I can help you find them."

"Coming to life, are you?" laughed Richards.

Jeffrey nodded. "Your theory is that my Jap has bolted," he said. "In other words, that he was in cahoots with those spiritualists. Very likely they have some other member of his family working for them—openly, I mean."

"All right so far," said Richards; "but what good does that do? I'd rather find three spiritualists than one Jap. They're the meanest kind of a proposition to lay hands on."

"Here you are then," said Jeffrey, and he handed the postcard to the lieutenant.

I looked at it frankly over his shoulder and was as completely puzzled by it as he. It was addressed to Togo, to be sure, and postmarked at the Dorchester Street post-office here in the city. But on the reverse side there was nothing at all but a familiar little Japanese picture of Fuji, with a few snaky trees and a sea-gull or two in the foreground and a couple of vertical lines of Japanese characters printed on the side

The lieutenant looked at it blankly. "What's the idea?" he asked in rich scorn. "Me to go to the Dorchester Street Sub-station and ask them who mailed this, and if he happened to leave his address?"

"I've an idea that his address is on it," said Jeffrey. "Only, unfortunately, I can't read Japanese."

"Where's there any Japanese except what's printed down the side here?

"It isn't printed," said Jeffrey "That's the point. Look at it slantwise and you'll see, if your fingers aren't sensitive enough to feel it. It's been written on in India ink, in a wonderfully careful imitation of printing. Let it warm under your thumb for a minute and you'll find it's sticky."

"What makes you think it's got anything to do with our mystery, even so?" I asked

"It's got to do with some mystery anyway," said Jeffrey. "A Jap could have dashed off that message in two minutes, writing in the ordinary way. This job must have taken him an hour

JEFFREY IGNORED THE QUESTION, AND LOOKED AS THOUGH HIS ONLY INTEREST IN THING IN LIFE WAS MY OPINION OF HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC [illegible]

or two. He was willing to go to that trouble rather than have any one suspect that Togo was getting communications of any sort from his own people. A sealed letter might be opened. A message, that looked like a message, might be read. This thing was calculated to slip by as something too unimportant to look at."

The lieutenant was studying the postcard as if he couldn't be quite sure whether Jeffrey was joking or not.

"You're the original, self-acting mystery-maker, all right," he said. "What will you bet it doesn't say 'J. Shimbashi, Postcards and Novelties, Tokio,' or something of that sort?"

"Find somebody who can read it," said Jeffrey, "and if it says anything like that, I'll buy you the finest dinner at the City that you ever sat down to."

"That goes," said Richards in a manner that he meant to sound a little heartier and more confident than it really was. Jeffrey had a diabolical way of hitting it right, even when he founded his guesses on such trifling and tenuous grounds as this.

The lieutenant waved a large hand to us in amiable farewell and took his departure, his footsteps resounding in a steady *decrescendo* as he strode down the corridor.

As soon as he was fairly gone, Jeffrey dropped into his big chair limply, like a man who was tired. His failure to follow the policeman's train of thought was so new an experience that it was no wonder he took it hard. But he looked as he sat there like a man who has just come through some exhausting effort. Neither of us spoke for quite a while.

"I've played fair with Richards, I think," he said. "How about it? Do you agree with me? It really looks to me like an even break. Only each of us takes the line that suits his talents."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you," said I. "But I do think you played fair with him, absolutely. In fact, I thought it was mighty good of you to give him that hint about the postcard when he had been so cagey with you about his explanation of the portrait—about their reason for putting the paint over it, I mean."

Jeffrey got up rather suddenly and went to his paint-table, where he stood with his back to me, busy among his colors.

"So," I went on, "I don't see how there can be any question about your playing fair. But, Jeffrey, I believe I see what he was driving at—in a general sort of way that is."

"Do you?" he said in a queer voice. Still he didn't turn around.

"Yes," said I. "You remember he thought they borrowed the portrait in order to help them find and make up what he calls a ringer—somebody that they can impose on Miss Meredith's credulity with. Well, Jeffrey, suppose they found her—found somebody almost miraculously like what Claire Meredith must have been.

"Suppose right in the middle of their work that girl disappeared and then was found in the ice. Perhaps one of them murdered her; perhaps they knew some one who is likely to have murdered her and were afraid to tell what they knew. Anyway, they kept still about it. And then, all at once, it occurred to them that it wouldn't do to have any one see that portrait—it would lead to too many questions—so they daubed it over with paint. I believe that's Richard's idea. You know he said he was going to round up the spiritualists."

Jeffrey turned round toward me weakly. There were tears in his eyes, but they were tears of suppressed laughter. He shook his head at me and wiped the tears away.

"Drew," he said, "you will be the death of me some day."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, you dear old dub," said he, "didn't you see that I was pounding away till my arms ached, trying to get that idea into that policeman's thick head?"

"Oh, come!" said I. "Don't try to work through a bluff like that. You were puzzled and I think you might admit it. I know you see most things quicker than I do, but once in a while —"

"Drew," he said, "listen. Do you remember that as soon as you told me of the—well, call it resemblance of this face here to that of the girl they found, that I told Richards decisively how she had died of smallpox three years ago; that her rich, eccentric aunt was alone in the world and was inconsolable over her loss? Could I have done any more, short of saying it in so many words, to suggest to Richards that they meant to impose on the old lady with a resemblance? When I challenged him to find a reason why the paint had been put on this canvas, was there any possible way left open to him to explain it, but the way he took?"

"But why didn't you say it right out? That's what I want to know."

"Because," said Jeffrey, "I wanted Richards to believe that the idea was really his. I wanted him to take it seriously. He's got an idea that my notions are fanciful; that I have a lucky way of guessing. The only way I could make him take that notion seriously and could divert him from the other course that lay open to him, was by leading him to believe that he was getting the better of me—putting one over on me. I thought that you were on to the game all the while. You certainly played up to me as if you were."

Then he laughed again.

But for once his mirth couldn't charm a smile out of me. I felt very ill used and rather sulky.

"Come, be good, Drew! You'll really have to forgive me for that. I was too perfectly delighted to hear you jockeying me along and telling me all about it."

"All right," said I; "only the next time you really want any sympathy from me, look out."

"I shall get it," said Jeffrey soberly. "God knows I needed it badly enough this morning, and you were there with the goods. I don't know what I should have done without you."

"All right," said I; "you're forgiven. You always are. But, Jeffrey, what was the other course of action that lay open before Richards? What was it you didn't want him to do?"

Jeffrey didn't answer, but his face became intensely thoughtful again.

"An even break," he said. "I honestly believe it's an even break. But we'll wait and see."

CHAPTER IX.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE.

I WAS just finishing up an afternoon's work at my office a day or two later when my clerk brought me word that Lieutenant Richards, of the police, wished to see me.

He came in rather impressively and seated himself beside my desk. But after his first word of greeting he let the better part of a minute go by in silence. Underneath his official, omniscient manner it was possible to see that he was both puzzled and excited.

"Well," said I at last, to start things, "who pays for that dinner at the City?"

He didn't answer the question directly, but brought his big fist down on a heap of documents, that it took the office-boy half an hour to straighten out again.

"Your friend Jeffrey," said he, "is a queer fish. He'll be blind to a fact that's as plain as the scareheads in the morning edition of an afternoon paper, and then he'll turn round and get a picture-postcard and find out more from it than the whole department could learn in a week."

He was right about it then," said I.

Richards nodded. "Are you sure he can't read Japanese?" he asked.

"He said he couldn't," said I, "and I've never had any occasion to doubt his word."

"Well, it beats me," said the lieutenant. "That printing was an address over on East Twenty-Second Street just as he said, spelled out in some

Continued on page 318.

What is an Internal Bath

By R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands; and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-in-toxication," "auto-infection" and by a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is certainly too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 315, 280 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in Canada Monthly, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity of learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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Here is a story we have told a billion times in magazines like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the land

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them For their sake we repeat the story over and over here

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Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts, or doused with melted butter

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best Each has a different flavor. These are table joys which every home should have. And as foods which do not tax the stomach, these stand unique

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(941)

General Lessard

Continued from page 309

ravenous appetite his horse displayed, kicked the animal on the head, and when it threw its head up, struck it on the nose with his fist. He was not aware that his commanding officer was looking on not far away, but was keenly conscious of it a moment later. He had made a mistake abusing his horse without looking to see if Col. Lessard was in sight.

From the standpoint of bravery, if there were any doubts in the hearts of the men of his command re his cou[rage] in action, and under fire, that would have been dispelled after the battles of Vet River and Johannasburg. He exposed himself again and again in various battles, in order to look after his men. Handling them as he did in thirty odd engagements with the Boers, speaks well for his efficiency as a strategist.

General Lessard's loyalty to his church is one of his chief characteristics, and his rosary goes with him in every battle. All his officers well know his feelings about entering every engagement with prayer. While [in] South Africa during a reconnaisance he lost his rosary and was extremely down hearted as a result. A friend of his, who was with him at the time, sympathizing with his down-heartedness, made a special effort to obtain another rosary for the commander, and at last while on a trip to Pretoria for some extra harness, succeeding in finding what he wanted, much to the delight of his superior.

There was one occasion in South Africa when an incident occurred which will serve to close this sketch, as being typical of what happened many times with the Colonel, and what may be expected to happen in his future campaigns. Had it not been for the strategy of General Lessard, then commanding officer of the C. M. R., a whole detachment of the Royal Irish Fusiliers would have been wiped out. The incident is perhaps best explained in letter of gratitude sent to the General by the commanding officer of [the] Fusiliers. It reads as follows:—

"Dear Colonel Lessard:

In the few words I spoke to you [last] night at the funeral of your two [brave] gallant officers, I am afraid I failed convey the deep gratitude my [regi]ment owes to the Canadian Mounted Rifles for their great gallantry in going so nobly and fearlessly to the succour of our beleaguered detachment at Wilpoort yesterday.

The counter attack your regiment made occurred at a most critical moment and it doubtless saved many lives in the detachment

We deplore greatly the losses [we]

have sustained and we shall ever bear in grateful memory the gallantry and self sacrifice of the 18th Canadian Mounted Rifles on this occasion.

I shall deem it a great favor if you will kindly convey to your officers, N.C. officers and men the purport of this letter.

Yours very Faithfully,
John Reeves, ,
Colonel Commanding 2nd Battalion Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers."

"Oor Ain Charlie"

Continued from page 308

a heart." While oratory may be a part of the answer, it isn't all, because Charles Gordon has a faculty for attracting and holding the love of his people that amounts to genius.

One of his early books that has especial appeal is, "Beyond the Marshes," which in style and spirit is more like "Rab and His Friends" than anything I know in English literature. The two Glengarry books alone are enough for any one man to have accomplished in a lifetime, and those who have either a hearsay or a practical-experience knowledge of pioneer days, will tell you that Ralph Connor has hit the nail on the head as no other author has done. In an age when nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand books are not only avowedly secular, but sickeningly so, his work stands out with a sincere simplicity that makes one turn to a many-times read copy with confidence and satisfaction.

However, Charles W. Gordon's best effort is yet to be made, and his greatest book is still unwritten. Those who know him most intimately say that he has a tremendous literary power in reserve—that he has it in him to write a book which will easily stand first in Canadian classics when Canada eventually comes into her own.

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

Continued from page 302

impossible the tapestry is almost always covered. Only when the Emir is in Russia, paying a visit at the Palace, is the crash removed and, unattended, the barbarian walks there and admires his gift.

We were next led into a reception room, which made more of an impression on me than any other of the many, many rooms in the palace; a room which for the beauty of its proportions, its adornment and its architectural design, stands as one of the

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ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1914 SHOWS UNINTERRUPTED PROGRESS

New Business Written, $10,630,069 an Increase of $1,801,879. Largest in Company's History.

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Profits to Policyholders One-Third Greater Than Estimates.

The Annual Report Embraces the Following Particulars

New Business	The splendid gain in New Business for the first seven months of the year was held unimpaired to the close and resulted in the largest increase in the Company's history, as noted above. January, 1915, business also shows a splendid increase over that of 1914
Insurance in Force	The business in force, less reinsurances, amounted to **$30,849,326.74,** an increase of **$3,730,961.72.** The lapse rate has naturally been heavier than heretofore, owing to the special conditions existing. Nevertheless the gain in business in force is practically the same as in the best previous year
Income	The total Receipts amounted to **$1,464,819.13,** a gain of **$168,978.48** over the previous year
Profits	The present scale of profits—exceeding estimates by one-third—is being continued. The conditions warrant an increase, which for the time being is deferred until he effect of the expected unusual strain this year has been determined
Assets and Interest	The Assets now amount to **$5,294,262.70,** an increase of **$648,567.51.** Bonds and Stocks have been taken at a figure much below the prevailing market value. The Rate of Interest earned, without allowance for Head Office Rental, was **7.01%.**
Liabilities	**Seventy-seven per cent.** of all the Company's business is now valued on a **3%** basis. The total Policy Reserve on the Company's standard now amounts to **$4,807,888.**
Surplus	On Government standard Policyholders' Surplus amounts to **$676,148.54,** showing the most satisfactory gain yet made. After setting aside funds to increase Reserves to Company's standard, provide for profits accruing, but not due, and for Investment Reserve and other special funds, the net Surplus on Policyholders' Account is **$255,586.54.**

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recurrent memories of St. Petersburg. It is impossible to describe its many perfections. The design was semi-Moorish, the floor of wonderful mosaic. A staircase of pure white marble, its carvings like lace, led the way to a balcony above. These stairs were let into the wall under a half arch of the same material, the flights ascending and turning back on themselves in four short sections, to the balcony. Facing this stairway, on the other side of the room, were two fountains, dropping water from shells arranged much on the same plan as the stairway; at the top a large shell, spilling the water from the sides into two shells arranged to catch it, and then on again into a large shell, through several tiers to a large basin in the floor. Between the stairway and fountains large doors gave onto a palm garden enclosed in glass, noisy with song-birds of many species. This palm garden gives on an open air garden about three hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide. This last garden, be it remembered, is on a level with the second floor of the palace; twenty-seven feet of earth were filled in over a covered driveway, by the orders of Catherine the Great, and there were trees of more than a foot in diameter growing in this aerial garden. In a long gallery running its length are still hung the rules which Catherine laid out for the behavior of her court. Witness several of them here: "No visitor shall be allowed to get drunk before midnight." "No one, from any cause or consideration, whatever, shall strike a lady, under pain of expulsion."

If such were the regulations prepared by the Empress herself, we can form a faint idea of *les conveniences* as understood in those days.

The palace is too large to be described except in a guide book. There were rooms upon rooms, and halls upon halls, with portraits, pictures, plate, flags and statuary forming a Hall of Fame of the history of Russian achievement in arms, statemanship and art. Our feet lagged and our tongues hung out, before we had half finished the glories of this wonderful place. I would like to show you in detail the throne room, the design of its painted ceiling matching the inlaid floor; the canopy of ostrich feathers over the throne dais. I would like to show you the royal chapel, with its mummied hand of John the Baptist; a prayer to which is said to have been answered in the birth of the Tsarevitch. This chapel is opened once a year, on St. John's Day, to the maimed, the halt and the blind of the populace, and there is said to be almost a riot in the effort of the multitude to get in. Then there is the great audience room, giving onto a balcony facing

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the Neva, where the Tsar and his court, with the entire diplomatic corps, came so near to being wiped out that memorable day in January a few years ago, at the feast of the blessing of the Neva. The salute fired from the Peter-Paul fortress opposite, instead of being blank cartridges, was real canister, and the front of this room over the tops of the windows was torn out by the shots intended to kill the Tsar.

In one room are exhibited the gold platters used at the ball suppers. We were amused at the story of the guide, who told us that only eleven people sat at a table, because the gold platters would hold only eleven Russian portions. In another enormous room the walls were lined with great silver and gold platters called the bread and salts. On these the various cities of the Empire sent their homage of bread and salt to the Tsars at their coronation, and at their various and sundry deliverances from sudden death. An American couple was dashing through this room in tow of a Russian guide.

Full of pathos was the suite of Alexander II. Every detail in his room just as he had left it on that fatal morning when he was killed by the misguided Nihilist; a few kopeks, his cigarettes, his many handkerchiefs. He had the habit of losing his handkerchiefs, and one was placed on each table for his convenience. His books, his writing materials, his clothes, have been left as they were in his lifetime.

One picture in one of the vast reception rooms has haunted us both. Almost all of the paintings represent scenes from Russian campaigns. It is impossible to look at them without realizing the blind devotion to the Crown felt by these soldiers of Russia; but this one picture was a scene on a battlefield; the cannons were evidently required in another position, and a ditch prevented their being moved. The faithful Kossaks have thrown themselves into the ditch, and, filling it with their bodies, the cannons are being dragged over the living mass. It was too horrible for me. I left my husband gazing at it, trying to comprehend, I suppose, what inspired the loyalty that made these men give their lives so willingly for a country that treats them so inhumanly.

We drove across the bridge at the end of the Palace Quay, just by the British Embassy, over to the Fortress. This is a vast horror-haunted prison, of which dire and awful tales are told, the chief state prison except Schluesselberg, where so many unfortunates have been confined, tortured and put to death. It was such an easy way in the old days, to get rid of an undesirable aspirant to the throne. Peter the Great's son was held there a prisoner, as he had mutinied against his progressive father.

Our Russian amazed me with his knowledge of Russian history. "Serge" could recite for us the succession of tsars and tsarinas who have made Russian history. My head fairly whirled with tales of this one killed by poison, that one strangled, and the strange disappearance of another. Verily, uneasy lay the heads that wore the Russian crowns.

About the tombs of the last two tsars were arranged innumerable wreaths placed there at their deaths. At the time we were told the exact number, but as statistics have always bored me I cannot recall it; this, though, I do remember: at the death of the last tsar, the discontent and uneasy state of the people had already been felt. The number of wreaths from various towns, villages,

Continued on page 322.

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We treat them by dry heat, then steam heat, then roll them into big, white flakes. Thus we get this flavor and aroma.

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The Jade Earring

Continued from page 312

sort of a flowery Japanese way. They made east with a picture of the rising sun. Can you beat it? Well, I had the place looked up and she's there all right."

"She?"

"The woman whose other place we raided—the one who was doing the materializations. She's a clairvoyant now and crystal-gazer. I suppose her husband's somewhere around in the background."

"You haven't arrested them yet then?" I asked.

"You can't arrest them yet," said Richards, "on the murder charge. That thing's too thin. Of course any arrest in connection with that murder is going to be a tremendous sensation. And if we let the big nose loose before we get our case, we'll probably scare the case away. The thing to arrest them on is the charge of extorting money by the practise of magic. If they didn't know we suspected them in connection with the other thing, we might be able to get some valuable admissions out of them."

"What's the difficulty about that course?" said I. "There must be some difficulty or you would have followed it."

"There is," said the lieutenant. "She's keeping very quiet. She isn't advertising nor holding public seances. Nothing that would justify a raid. The only way to work it is to get some one to make a complaint against her."

"I understand," said I. "Some one has got to go to her and consult her and pay her money and then complain to the police."

"That's the idea," said he.

"And the difficulty is that they're so shy and suspicious, and they know all the investigators so well that they won't take anybody but bona-fide clients. And a bona-fide client won't complain."

My desk-telephone rang just then, and the next moment Gwendolyn's voice was in my ear.

If Gwendolyn wanted to be a missionary and go about scattering sunshine, as the phrase goes, all she'd have to do would be to spend an hour or two a day calling people up on the telephone in the midst of their business worries and giving them the momentary luxury of the sound of her voice.

"I'm in your outer office," she said. "I came down to sign those papers you wanted. It isn't important a bit. But when they told me Lieutenant Richards was with you I couldn't resist asking whether Mr. Jeffrey had been right about the post-card."

"Come in," I said. "We're rather at a standstill and you may be able to help us out."

"It's Mrs. Jack Marshall," I explained to the lieutenant as I hung up.

He had looked a bit dubious on hearing me invite her in, but he lighted up immediately on hearing who she was.

"The manicure girl," he cried. "I wish we could pin a star on her and make her one of the force. Where we'd have been without her in that Marshall case I hate to think."

They greeted each other pleasantly and it didn't take us two minutes to present our difficulty before her.

She sat smiling in thoughtful silence for a moment after we'd done and then electrified us both by saying:

"I'll go and consult her myself."

"You wouldn't want to do that, Gwendolyn!" I cried. "An informer's lot is not a happy one any more than a policeman's. You'd have to go into court and appear against a woman and be subjected to an examination by a third-rate police-court lawyer."

"I'll go," she said, "but I don't promise to make a complaint. Perhaps I'll be so pleased with the fortune she tells me that I'll think I have had my money's worth and sha'n't want to complain."

"But the complaint's the thing we need," said the lieutenant. "We can't do anything till we get it."

"I don't know," said Gwendolyn. "Perhaps after I've talked with her there may be some other way."

She smiled again, and I saw that the outline of that other way was already in her mind, though it was equally clear that she didn't mean to tell us what it was.

Richards saw it, too, and he laughed with a sort of amused vexation.

"You're almost as bad as Mr. Jeffrey," he said. "You want the police to leave the thing alone till you've tried your hand at it."

"Oh, no!" said Gwendolyn. "You can do anything you please. Only I thought you said you couldn't arrest her without an informer."

"Well, you've got me," Richards admitted.

"I sha'n't have to ask you to wait more than a day or two," she told him.

Then she got up, nodded to me, said the papers could wait, and in another minute was gone.

It only needed a glance at Gwendolyn's face when I came home that night to convince me that she had made good her word, so far as her promised visit to the spiritualist went. But when I looked from her face to Jack's I could see that he didn't approve at all of his pretty young wife taking any more police problems on her shoulders, and I suspected him of wishing I'd kept her in the dark about it. Well, I more than half agreed with him.

"You've been to see her?" I asked.

She nodded and laughed.

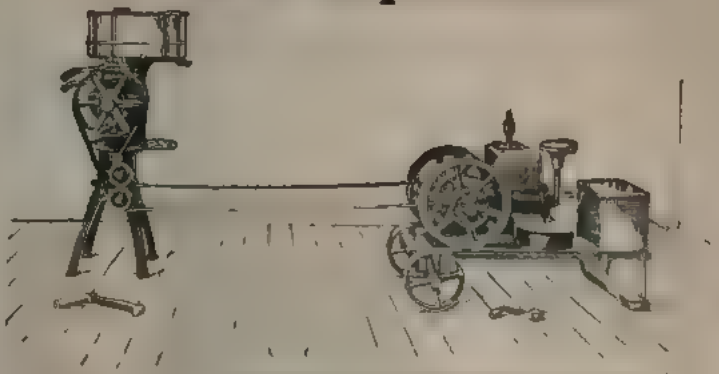
"And do you feel you've got your money's worth out of the fortune she told you, or are you indignant enough over the swindle to inform the police and have her arrested?"

"The fortune certainly wasn't worth two dollars," said Gwendolyn. "I could tell a better one myself with the grounds of a cup of tea. All about a dark man and a blond man—oh, but it was silly! But she herself seemed to feel that that sort of fortune-telling didn't amount to much, and when I got very sympathetic she told me in a most spectral, blue-lightish sort of way that her real work was in acting as a medium for communications from the other world.

"She wanted to know if any of my loved ones had passed into the beyond, and said if they had she could help me to communicate with them. I got very interested and trembly myself, and asked if I couldn't come to one of her seances. She said she wasn't giving them any more—not publicly, at least—on account of the police."

To be continued

International Harvester Cream Separators



PICTURE to yourself the difference in labor between setting milk in any of the old-time ways and skimming it with an **I H C** cream separator. What a job it is to wash the pans or crocks. How many handlings they need. What a lot of time it takes to fill them and set them away, to protect them from dirt, to do the actual skimming, to dispose of the cold skim milk, to purify the crocks or pans.

Now note the difference. With an **I H C** separator the milk is skimmed while still warm from the cows, the separator is washed in a few minutes and everything is ready for the next milking.

You want the separator that will help you most and save you most. Take time enough to buy a cream separator. The more carefully you go about it, the more comparisons you make, the more clearly you will see that one of the **International Harvester** separators—a **Dairymaid, Primrose,** or **Lily,** will serve you best. See the I H C local agent. Get catalogues from him or write to us for them.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Hamilton, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. London, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. Montreal, Que. St. John, N. B.

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Motoring is two things—a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
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Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.
T. 113
DUNLOP
SEAL OF QUALITY
TREAD
TRACTION

Ted of Tete Jaune Cache

Continued from page 293.

the culprit would wander from house to house asking to be let in

Though there were plenty of wild bears in the neighborhood, Ted never showed the faintest disposition to associate with them. The companionship of humans had evidently disgusted him with the idea of sliding down again in the scale of being into mere creaturedom. But he must have sighted his relatives frequently, as it was no unusual occurrence to see two or three bears cross the grade quite close to a construction gang, or to find them foraging on the outskirts of the camp for bits of the same food that Ted scraped so joyously out of his own bright tin washbasin, smacking his lips the while

During the few weeks that we staid in camp, Ted had grown from a woolly baby into a big powerful chap who would have tipped the scales at a hundred or more, and was capable of tipping anything else within sight It was no joke now to try to dissuade him from a fixed idea. You might as well argue with a glacier. When it was cold, and he wanted to sleep in the office, the screen door no longer proved a deterrent argument. Whether he could have negotiated a wooden door or not, I don't know. He didn't have to experiment. He merely ambled round the house, put up his big paw and smashed in the window, glass, sash and all. Then he came in, placid as a sunrise, and proceeded to make himself at home

But the liveliest, loveliest book has "Finis" in it somewhere, and Ted's days of petbeardom couldn't last for ever. The G. T. P. was pushing its head toward the green water, and the section of road over which Ted's friends presided grew from ten miles to forty. This was about to necessitate a life on wheels, and where, oh where could you put a whole live bear in a private car? There was good deal of head-scratching and brow-wrinkling while Ted snoozed in the armchair grown so sadly small for him, until somebody hit on the bright idea of selling him to a man who kept a poolroom in Fort George

The man was phoned. Would love to own a bear. Would send for him

If Ted opened one solemn little eye and closed it again twinklishly, nobody saw him

So the poolroom man came, exclaimed over the bigness, the handsomeness and the docility of his purchase and took him away. The boys mourned a little, watching him out of sight, and then returned to life and labor without their playmate.

The sun went down and got up again a few times, uneventfully. No jam hooked. No windows smashed. No buttonless shirts. No confounded bear upsetting the scenery. No nothing.

Then, as the boys sat in the twilight before the same snapping fire one night, and the chap who held down the armchair tried to tell himself he had a perfect right to it, there was a familiar whine outside that sent every man to his feet, and every foot to the door

"Well—I'll—be—hanged!" said the first to get it open

Whereupon Ted ambled into the room, sniffed at the men to make sure they were all there, and then climbed solemnly into his too-small chair, put his clever old head on the arm of it, and pretended to go to sleep, so's he could listen without grinning, to the compliments that ascended along with the tobacco smoke

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For motorists have found Goodyears to be the well-balanced tires—each part in keeping with every other part; fabric, rubber and workmanship of the highest quality; tread and "carcass" correctly proportioned for greatest service; every Goodyear tire of master quality, regardless of size.

They call it the quality tire—the sturdy tire. Men gravitate to it. And the trouble-savings which brought them will please you.

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Countless blowouts, due to wrinkled fabric, are saved by our "On-Air" cure

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Punctures and skidding are combated, as in no other tire, by our double-thick All Weather tread

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Every tire trouble is bringing you nearer to Goodyears. Sooner or later you will come to this famous All Weather tread, the climax of anti-skid design and balance.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

For Sale by All Dealers

Wreaths

Continued from page 291

He stood up and several men began to shout at him. A man who could speak his own language stepped up to him and said:

"You are charged with stealing that wreath."

Ivan's heart leaped. At last, after all the black confusion, he could explain.

"My wife——"

"Now, now!" cried the interpreter, impatiently. "Never mind your wife. Did you steal the wreath?"

"But, my little wife, Tinka——"

"Did you or did you not?"

"Yes, but my——"

"He says he did," said the interpreter, turning towards the Court.

"He looks as if he had been on drunk," said the Magistrate. "Fifteen days ought to straighten him up."

"Fifteen days," said the interpreter to Ivan.

Down to the cell went Ivan, not understanding. Then he began to wail. A guard came to him and made threatening gestures. Ivan crept and knelt in a corner, and rocked himself

Another prisoner, just sentenced for shop-lifting, knocked the crumbs out of a mouth-organ and began to play "Good-bye, my Tango."

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

Continued from page 317

societies, and organizations had considerably fallen off, and we were told that the Government, to hide this ominous sign from the people, supplied hundreds of wreaths, supposedly given. Again let me repeat: "Russia, thou land of gigantic frauds!"

We spent all the next morning at the Museum. I am afraid that I do not recall the names of the artists the pictures I shall never forget.

Most famous of all is "The Kossaks Letter." You have all seen copies of it. Perhaps you do not all know its story. Peter was so strict with his Kossaks, that he forbade them to plunder and lay waste the conquered cities and countries; not unnaturally considering the men, the Kossaks were dissatisfied. The Sultan of Turkey writes to them, and offers them service under him with permission to burn, pillage and steal to their barbarian souls' content. The picture shows the writing of their answer. The actual answer is still extant in St. Petersburg, and can be seen by anyone, but we were advised to read it, or the translation of it, alone, not

"bi-sexually." The faces almost tell the insults they are heaping on the absent Sultan; a scribe is writing the letter, and it is being dictated by all of the motley crew. A more curious lot of faces I have never seen together; the tuft of hair, or "tschoop," as it is called, on the top of the shaved heads, the semi-naked bodies, the wild laughter as they enjoy their own indecent epithets, are all painted into that almost living canvas.

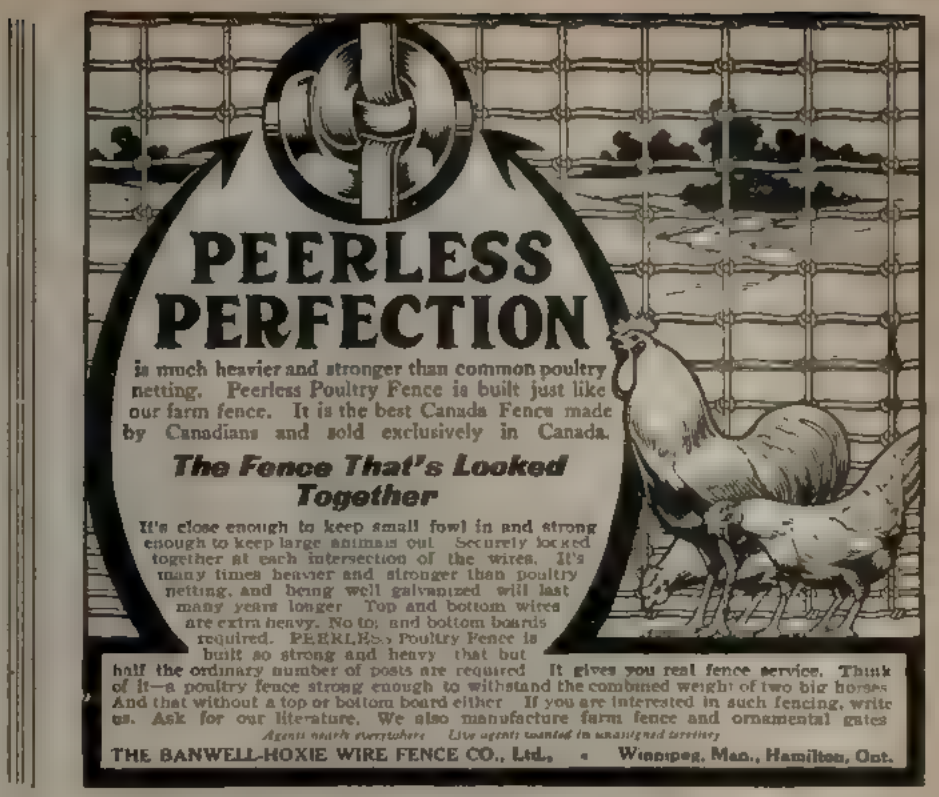
Several portraits of the Emperor Paul, several incidents in the life of Ivan the Terrible, are pictured with amazing realism. Ivan is shown as sitting by the couch of his sick wife, one of the many wives of this Russian blue-beard. In her delirium she is raving and, to misquote Kipling: "The name on her lips is not in the least like Ivan." One sees somehow into the future of this unhappy woman, and sees the fate of the lover whose name she has unconsciously betrayed.

The picture of the wedding of the dwarfs does not appeal to our sense of humor as it did to Catherine's, the instigator of this sad joke. At carnival time she commanded two dwarfs to be married, and pass their wedding night in an ice palace. The picture shows the court headed by Catherine, coming to visit the unhappy pair the next day.

A whole roomful of pictures by Verestschagin are full of interest; gruesome pictures for the most part; the sharpshooter killing the natives, and in the next picture, the sequel; the natives have caught the sharpshooter, and after cutting off his head are taking it away in a sack. My fancy, if I ever had one, for horrible pictures, was nipped in the bud while I was still a child and attending a school in Brussels; one visit to the Wirtz Gallery and I had enough for all time. But even if I do not fancy his subjects, I bow to his art as a painter.

Seven something that night saw us again at our train, our visit over. The charming Frenchman, with the melting, inscrutable Italian eyes, came to bid us au revoir. "he told us that: "Maintenant que vous avez trouvé le chemin, il faut retourner." And we said hopefully that we would.

The last handshakes, the last waves, the last good-byes said, and we rolled away. Away from that great, wonderful city, where everything pertaining to imperial power is on an indescribably grand scale; the squares vast, regardless of value or waste of space; the churches, "domed like the heavens and pillared like the firmament," gorgeous in their truly Byzantine splendor; the river, banked in huge blocks of hewn granite; the public institutions, stations, hospitals, museums, libraries, theatres, show places, and bazaars, unparalleled elsewhere for size; the public places and streets swarming with officers and officials, decked out in the livery of the Tsar Thinking back at it now, it almost overpowers me with the idea it gives of the herculean labor expended on it by its builder. The great Peter set that wonderful city where only marshes had been.' Two centuries ago the world famed Nevski was but a bridle-path through a dense forest. He triumphed over almost insurmountable difficulties. He had to subdue his people, brought together from the villages and country roundabout, and had to offer them great inducements to reside in his newly made city. The enormous size of the buildings was intended, I think, to create, and does still create, in the minds of an imaginative people, the impression of the inexorable power of the Throne, and a deep sense of the futility of revolt.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Two years ago, the HUDSON Six-40 was a promise and prophecy. It is to-day an accepted standard, a proved advance, at which many a maker aims.

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Four years ago, when we started this car, the Six was out of reach of the many. It was high-priced and heavy. It was wasteful of fuel. It used up tires too fast. Its luxuries were open to but a few.

To-day there is hardly a buyer paying over $1200 who considers anything else but a Six.

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This HUDSON Six-40 has had something like a 25-million-mile test. Ten thousand owners have driven it over every sort of road that exists. And hundreds of HUDSON service stations have watched and reported results.

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The HUDSON Six-40 was the pioneer of this type. Its tremendous success is what has led to Light Six popularity. It was this car which brought down the weight, the price and the operative cost of the Six. And most of the most desirable cars of the day are founded on this pattern.

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Nova Motor Co., 75 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S., Can.
Motor Livery, Ltd., Calgary, Alberta.
Dominion Motor Co., Medicine Hat, Alta.
H. T. Henderson Garage, Lethbridge, Alta.
Legare Gadbois Automobile, 218 City Hall Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.
Motor Car & Equipment Co., 110-112 Princess Street, St. John, New Brunswick.
Mr. P. T. Legare, Quebec, P. Q.
Dominion Auto Co., Ltd., 146-51 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.
Mr. Herbert J. Hambrecht, Berlin, Ont.
Mr. William P. Peters, Kingston, Ont., Can.
C. E. Bernard, London, Ont.
Thomas Wallace, North Bay, Ontario.
Walker Bros., Orillia, Ontario.
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Knabbensch Bros., Stratford, Ont.
Dominion Motor Car Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.
Vancouver Island Auto Co., Ltd., 937 View St., Victoria, B. C.
Western Canada M. C. Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.
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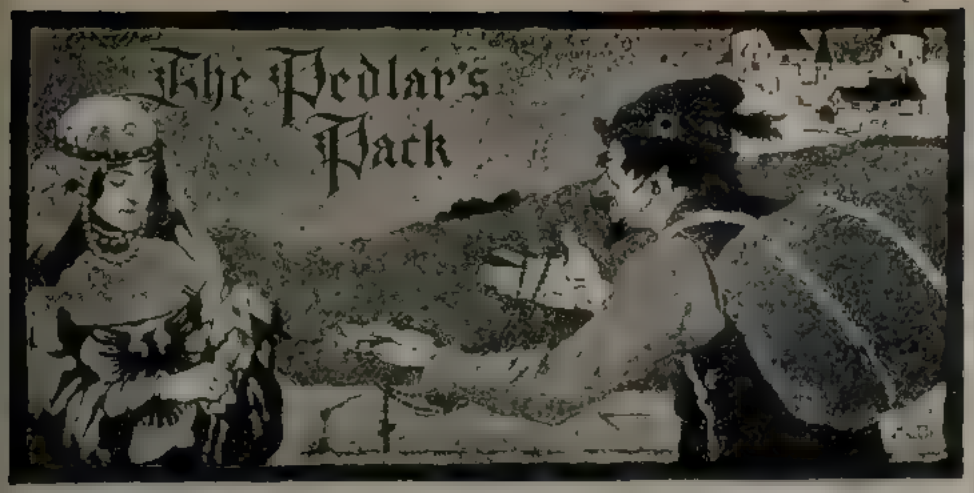

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

AS though the war were not enough, comes the fearful disaster in Central Italy to further stun a terrified world. Again we must point to the Signs of the Times. This is no "crank" question, but one which should bring every Christian man and woman to their knees in prayer, in supplication, in repentance. Every black-line heading in the daily newspaper means the gradual coming to the fulfilling of the Scriptural prophecies. Consider a moment: The imminent second coming of our Lord to set up His Kingdom began to be preached in 1846. At the Berlin Congress Disraeli opened the way for Jews to return to Palestine to prepare the land for the setting up of the "Kingdom of Israel" which is the hope and prayer of every son of Israel.

The Kingdom is being set up now by "Him whose right it is," and who is now breaking in pieces the Kings of this world: "In those days the God of Heaven will set up a Kingdom that shall never be ended," the fifth universal Kingdom shown to the prophet Daniel.

The Lord of Hosts is now on the side of Israel and the "despised and rejected of men" will soon be in power and glory in Jerusalem.

"Tell us when shall these things be, the sign of Thy presence and of the end of the age." Matt. xxvi., 3.

"For nation shall rise against nation and Kingdom against Kingdom and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places." Matt. xxiv., 7.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE earthquake in Central Italy is as much a matter to the artist, to the lover of the beautiful and quaint as anything the Germans have done to that jewel of Europe, Belgium. Little old Belgium was second native home to the writer whose young school days were spent there. Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, and last of all Spa, were happy loafing grounds for two little girls and a divine Mater—one of those darling old mothers of olden times who knew everything from Irish fairy stories to the most learned treatises on every phase of science, history, literature, art—then back again to Roman folklore. We pottered all over Europe. But the winter always brought us to Italy and the Venetian gondoliers' song "Santa Lucia," and to Saint Peters, and the Barberim Palace, St. John Lateran and the Ghetts. Then to Naples, to Venice, to Florence and all about the little towns and villages so many of which were destroyed by the recent upheaval of the earth.

Did you ever feel the faint throes of an earthquake? We have, once in Southern Italy, once in San Francisco, and, oddly enough, once in old London. It is a curious, an unbelievable sensation. You think it is *you* troubled with vertigo, or a sort of seasickness. It must be you, surely not the chimney piece dancing the tango to the ringing of the glass chandeliers which knock and sway together. Then comes a muffled roar from under not from on high, and cracking noises and voices calling, and you remember the advice of a Greek woman who once told you to "run to an archway if there is one in the house, or stand in the doorway—" and you run—and it is all over—but you feel very shaky for a long while. That's a baby earthquake, a mere trembling of old Earth who for the moment has been heaved upon the shoulders of the demon giant who sleeps beneath her. He was but turning in his sleep. Alas! in poor Italy, he was wakeful and angry!

BOOKS

WHAT a friend a good book is! Such a heap of trash is being issued at long prices that when in the bundle that comes to you at intervals, you find a friendly fellow—one who will converse with you in the wakeful midhours of the night—you almost think Charles Dickens had a hand in sending him along. But who ever was like Dickens? He left nothing for other fictionists to write, unless it were certain unclean stories which for a year or two filled the pages of certain magazines.

"A losing game, me dear Pedlar," says me friend of the Cross-roads where I go to have me midday smoke. "The world is a claner place than people think. There are more gardens wid roses blowing in them than you'll

Continued on page 341

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Any woman can drive. it

The electric buttons are located on the steering column. By just pressing these buttons the car is started, stopped and lighted

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It comfortably seats four.

For all year around use the Overland Coupe is the most practical car of the season.

Also it is the most attractive and the most beautiful.

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Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Hon. Bob Rogers

Continued from page 305.

he has been in Winnipeg. The house is situated amid beautiful environs in Fort Rouge, and is called "Inchera."

The Minister's recreations take the form of riding and driving, so our Western friends say, but while in Ottawa he successfully controls the impulse to do either, and the writer for one, never remembers seeing him "*en voiture*" save for convenience sake.

One hears much of his good works in public, but of his numerous private charities and kindness the world knows little. The humane, tender hearted man, few people, comparatively speaking, connect with him who sits but a bench or two from the Prime Minister, and seldom smiles.

Correction

Continued from page 298.

Thresher, 4th Cheshires." Well, here was a nice mess, an hour to press time, ball game not over and no one else to put on the desk that afternoon. In a minute however, the plucky youngster had dried her eyes, and said straightening, "Poor Fred, I've always been afraid it would happen this way. But thank God he died like a man for his country." And she went back to the proof.

Well, they yanked Tyler as I said, and it was a few minutes before the next sheet came out. When it did, I saw sandwiched in between the 11th and the 12th innings the following—

Correction—Editors note in Casualty list sent this A. M., make Capt. Fred Thresher 4th Cheshires slightly wounded instead of killed. WAP.

The machines were pretty much out of copy, but I passed the sheet straight over to Ethel saying, "Here're the last two innings. Boston's done it again, and there's another item there you might be interested in. Bring me the sheet out to the composing room when you've got the ball stuff."

And a prey to a variety of emotions, I went out to light into the make up man.

A minute or two later, Ethel came. I couldn't stand talking just then, so I grabbed for my hat.

"Mr. Clarkson," she called, "just a second, will you ?"

I turned. Standing backgrounded by the dirty room, she looked like a frail sweet pea in her pale pink dress. There was a faint flush on her cheeks and a mist of unshed tears in those eyes that I didn't dare look into any more, since the editors stood corrected.

"It was so good of you to take an interest in my affairs," she smiled a little tremulously, "I—I've loved that boy ever since we played together. He was always my favorite cousin."

"Cousin ?" I said huskily, "Then he's not—you're not—"

A wave of color turned the sweet pea into a blush rose.

"Oh dear no—why he's ye-ee-ars younger than I am. He's only twenty one."

"And you're—?"

"Twenty-two," she owned, smiling.

"How old would a man have to be before you could—think—of him ?" I asked, unconsciously putting my hand up to the grey hairs that had multiplied only too fast under the influence of war, baseball and hope deferred

Ethel gave a swift little up-glance, just one, frightened, roguish, appraising.

About thirty seven," she whispered, "or maybe thirty-eight."

Then, because the phone had been ringing for five uninterrupted, swearing minutes and no one had noticed it, Central put on the buzzer.

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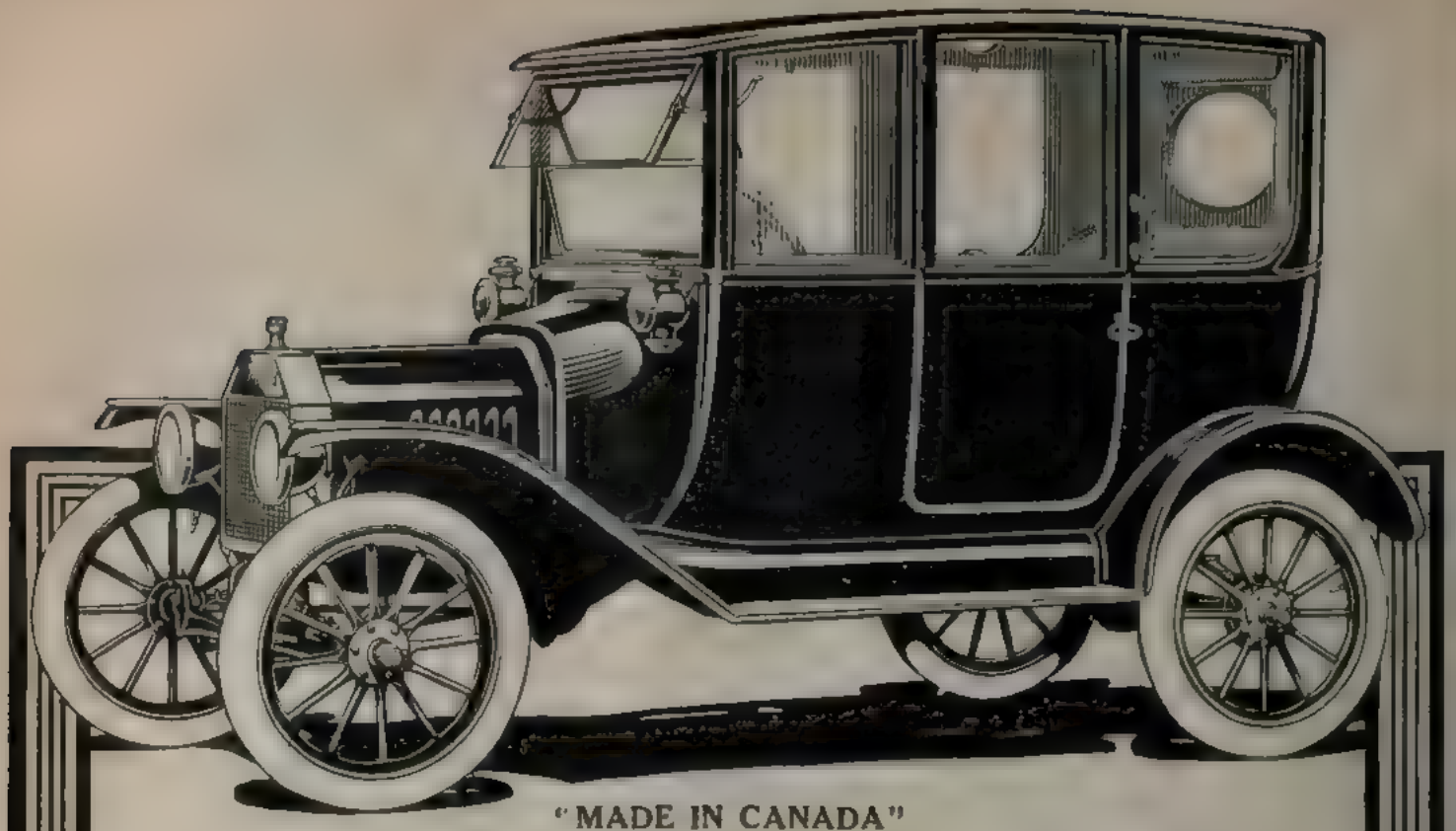

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The Day Before Yesterday

Continued from page 283.

picture in the paper along with Roosevelt and a lady who was going to get a divorce! Gee! I suppose maybe the gang wouldn't be glad to have him in it now. He thought some of turning down an offer of membership but decided to be guided by the impulse of the moment if he ever got the chance.

With the picture in hand he stood before a mirror and tried to fix his hair that way again. After using up a lot of soap and grease he decided that it was not possible and wished fervently that he had been allowed to wear his hat when that picture was taken. He knew that on the street he would be pointed out as the boy whose picture was in the paper, and what if he should not look like the printed likeness? The vacuous smile of the photograph was particularly difficult to emulate, because everyone knows how unlikely one is in any real situation of life to feel quite the same inane merriment that one does at the request of the artist who points the camera in his direction

Micky mastered that however, or thought he did by the time Mrs. Phelan sent her little Mary over to tell him to come and eat at her board.

Mr. Phelan, who was prominently employed in the stoking department of the steel mills, welcomed Micky with ceremonial solemnity. Mr Phelan, indeed, was one of the most ceremonious persons you ever met. His being hankered after pomp and ritual and only one thing pleased him more of an evening than to don some kind of a highly decorated mystic garment over his flannel shirt, gain admission by a grip and password to a room so profoundly secret as to preclude ventilation, and there solemnly and earnestly beat the stuffing out of some luckless neophyte. The one thing which stood above that in Mr. Phelan's idea of amusement was to get into the uniform of a South American general, don a hat with three ostrich plumes in it, and carry a richly ornamented sword through the principal streets of our city on a hot day. He was a passionate parader. No holiday was too trivial for Phelan to answer the mayor's call for the Knights of North America and similar fraternal societies to celebrate with the sacrifice of corns and sole leather.

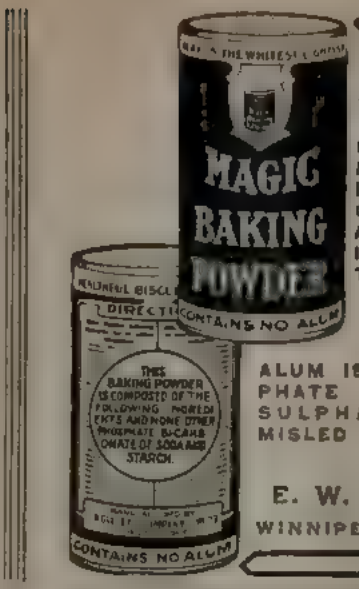
Therefore it meant something when Phelan interrupted his dinner that evening to remark, "There's wan good thing about it all,—yer dad was a Knight of North Americky in good standin'. The byes will turn out fer him in a way that wud make him proud if he cud know it. 'Twill be a good chanst to wear them new uniforms if he lasts till they git here, or rather, if they git here while he lasts.' Phelan calculated clumsily on his fingers. "How many days do the doctors——"

"Hush," warned Mrs. Phelan, who divined the tactless question. "Ain't the kid got enough to sorrow him?"

"That's all you know about it," rejoined her enthusiastic spouse. "The way the Knights do it, 'tis almost a pleasure to be buried."

Any further discussion was terminated by Mrs. Phelan's refusal to [illegible] It was the first time in the history of many wordy battles that the head of the household had retired with the honor of the last word and he was content with his hypothetical victory.

Micky was accommodated with a bed on the floor in the Phelan household which was not equipped with guest chambers, and there he dreamed



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confusedly of brave processions of policemen in plumed helmets escorting a carriage in which rode in solitary state a handsome youth who bowed graciously to an envious multitude of "the gang."

In the morning his mother found him there.—his mother, worn to a colorless caricature of herself by a sleepless night spent in the office of the hospital awaiting the end, whatever it might be, Mr. Phelan had gone before daylight to knightly deeds with a coal shovel and Mrs. Phelan welcomed her with rude hospitality.

"'Tis a pot of tea will do you a world of good," she suggested.

Mrs. Flynn laughed a little hysterically. "'Tis all right I am. I've good news to put the heart in me. My man is goin' to get well."

Over the teacups she told of the vigil while Micky sat uncomprehendingly at her feet. "There was something inside of him that was busted or twisted, I dunno, and if it wasn't fixed he wud have gone sure, but late last night a big surgeon that the girl's mother hired come and worked over him, an' early this mornin' he come out to me an' told me that Pat was goin' to get well. An' he sent me to get the house ready because they're goin' to bring him home an' let me take care of him."

Of course that didn't mean to Micky the tremendous crisis in his life that it really was but the back yard wireless got into operation at once and, an hour later, when he went to school Micky discovered that of the sky rocket of fame he held only the charred stick. It would not have been so bad if anyone had spoken to, or of, him as the boy whose father had very nearly been killed, but even that second rate glory was denied him. He had slipped back into the inconspicuous niche he had occupied the day before yesterday, and no one noticed him at all

To Widow Stein Micky bowed a gracious "Good morning" in recollection of yesterday's chocolates but if the Widow had any recollections at all they were only regrets, and she ignored him. His teacher scolded him crossly for being late and he sank into his seat, confused and hurt to think that she could forget so soon his grief of yesterday. He almost expected a cry of protest to rise to the lips of his ma[illegible] but when a titter of amusement at his discomfiture ran around the room he knew that his fickle public had deserted him

After school he presented himself to "the gang" who were about to engage in the highly scientific sport of sticking tops

Johnny Corney brushed him aside "For the love of Mike, kid," said he, "keep out of the way Ye're spoilin' the game."

"But you said I could play," protested Micky. "I'm Micky Flynn. Yesterday you said I could be in 'the gang' if I'd let you ride in the carriage at my dad's funeral."

"But he ain't dead, is he ?"

Micky stood convictedof a breach of contract and he silently effaced himself.

The crowning indignity was heaped upon him when, on the way he me, "Ratty" Higgins, a fat boy about his

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own size, picked a quarrel with him and decorated his eye in day-before-yesterday fashion. Micky was broken and dispirited, so he fought listlessly and without skill. It might be said that he welcomed a physical defeat to take his mind off from his mental despair. What was the use,—he, who yesterday looked back at himself from the front page of the newspaper, was reduced to the ranks, his sword broken and the laurel rudely torn from his brow.

When he finally dragged himself home that night Micky went into the dark closet adjoining the bed room and sobbed the bitter tears of a dishonored hero. He had seen the world's favor turned to harshness, the glitter of fame had become dull rust, he had been hurled from the pinnacle back into the depths which were now more intolerable because he had breathed the air of the mountain tops. His heart was eaten by a longing that seemed unbearable and the tears that ran rivulets across his grimy cheeks were as bitter as the disappointment that prompted them.

At first he did not notice it when the front door opened, but the sound of many voices approaching finally aroused his curiosity and made him hush his sobs. His mother came into the bedroom and after her four burly policemen carrying a stretcher in which lay his father. But such a different father! Surely that wan, crushed, bandaged wreck was not the pride of the Traffic Squad. Yes it was, because it smiled, with the old rich smile that made old ladies and children turn to him as they would to the sunshine.

"Sure, boys," said the voice that was back of the smile, "it was right good of ye to carry me home."

"Did ye think," growled one of the huskies, "did ye think we'd lave thim jar ye in their old ambulance while we had our strength left?"

"Ye're as tender as four mothers," said Flynn, and this time he smiled a very twisted sort of a smile because he was keeping the tears back. "I wish't I cud thank ye."

"Never ye mind about that," said the officer. "You just get well as fast as ever we can and don't ye go stoppin' thim automobiles again wid yer head."

"All right, Tim I won't. But this time I couldn't help it. I just saw that kid there an' then I happened to think of me own little Micky—she was about the same age as him,—an' I thought if he was there an' something happened to him an' when I came home some night they'd tell me he wasn't here, it made me heart jump in me throat, I didn't stop to figure it out at all an' the next thing I knew they were putting me together again over to the hospital. Honest I don't know how it

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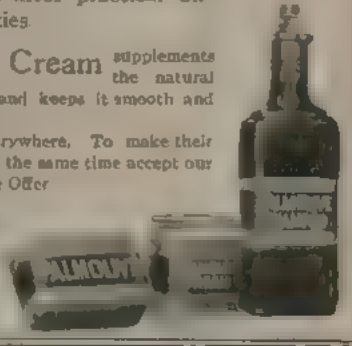

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happened,—all I saw was Micky standin' there."

Over Flynn Junior, crouched in the dark closet alone with his *amour propre*, spread a wave of understanding that burned him with a shame that cleansed him of the petty regrets of his bitter hour and restored him to a right angle with life. This father of his had risked his life because he loved him, Micky. All at once it rushed over him how terrible it would have been if his father hadn't come home at all. He wondered how he could ever face his dad again,—he couldn't with that black yesterday between them. There was only one thing which he could do to clean off the blot—and he did it.

Slowly he forced himself out of the closet and over to his father's chair.

"Hello, son," his father attempted to be jocular in the old way.

"Hello, pa." Micky hung his head and stood a slight distance off.

"What's the matter? Come over here, I won't break if you touch me."

"It ain't that." Micky dug at a purple rose in the rug.

"Well, what is it? Out with it."

So Micky came out with it, the whole mean little story, and be it said for him as a man that he offered not a single excuse. For the older man, for Mi[illegible] was a man now too, let it be said that his understanding was great and his sympathy broad.

After the story was ended he said, "You know now, don't you?"

"Yep, and I'm—I'm s-s-sorry." The last was hard to get out because the feeling of being just about to cry but not doing it became a trifle overpowering. The only way he could win out over his emotions was to bury his nose in his father's shoulder so that if a few stray tears did get away they would be blotted out before anyone noticed them.

When he finally looked up it was hard to tell which of the two felt the more shyness. Men don't often show their real feelings to each other and after an emotional crisis it is hard to readjust oneself to commonplace conditions. Micky looked at the floor and his father gazed out of the window. Finally, after a long pause their eyes met.

"Son," said the elder with a grin, "let me look at ye. Who give ye the wallop under the eye to-day?

And by that token Micky knew that he was forgiven, and that everything except one or two of his father's ribs, was just the way it had been the day before yesterday.

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The Model Man

Continued from page 290.

him to a little summer house there I was just going to bring help, when a great idea came over me. I almost suffocated with it. I left him there and hurried round to the gate and got to the house just in time for my dance with Gil Cameron.

" 'Let's not dance,' I said, 'let's walk in the moonlight.' That appealed to Gil's artistic soul. So we walked, and I led the way as if allowing myself to be led—you know how that's done."

"Well, you see, I'm married," said Mrs. Talbot.

"I could 'a'been if I'd stooped to such tricks," said Miss Malkin. Deborah forged on:

"In a minute Gil and I were seated on the stone wall. He couldn't see poor Hilary, but he was right close. Then by the power of hypnoidal domination——"

"There you go again," said Mrs. Talbot.

"Well, anyway," said Deborah, "you see, Hilary's lower brain was keeping his heart and his lungs at work; but his upper brain, or soul-mechanism, was without life—like an electric machine without current or a steam engine without steam. His own soul would have flowed back as soon as consciousness returned, but I shut off the regular channels so that his soul couldn't get back. Then—as it were—I plugged in another feed wire, and into that I turned the—you see, I had meanwhile hypnoidized Gil Cameron. From his soul I extracted the artistic and temperamental electrons and—you've heard of transfusion of blood——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Talbot eagerly. "I had an aunt whose life was despaired of on account of anaemia—and—her people lived in Duluth—had a swell house there—she was a very nice woman, but——"

"You can tell me about her later," said Deborah. "Well, transfusion of blood is an old idea. I think I invented transfusion of soul. Anyway, I transfused the best part of Gil Cameron's shiftless soul into Hilary Phipps' brain cells. You know that the brain areas are pretty well localized and differentiated now."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Talbot. "But what was Gil Cameron doing while you were kidnapping his soul ?"

"He didn't do anything. He didn't know what I was doing. He just sat there in a daze. Then I snapped my fingers and woke him, and he came to with a start, and said, 'Excuse me, Debby, what were you saying ?' And I told him I had a partner for the next dance. It was Walt Arnold. I decoyed him to the wall the same way, and borrowed that part of his soul that

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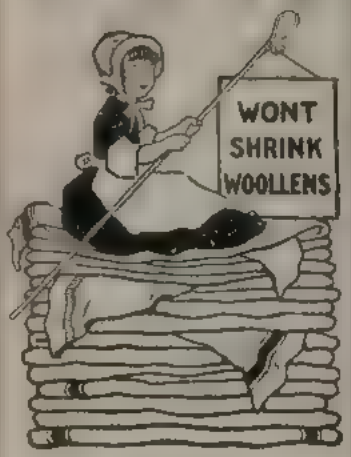

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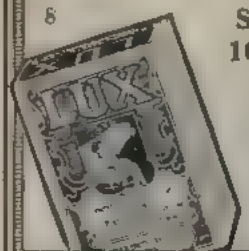

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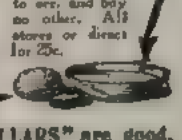

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keeps a man interested in his muscles. And so I did with the four other fellows I had partially liked. And not one of them suspected that anything had happened. They all went back to dance and to amaze their partners by the funny moods they were in.

"There was still more trouble when they went home. Jule Eggert, after I had embezzled his financial acumen, was so reckless that he insisted on taking Harriet Kirtland home in an automobile, and Gil Cameron got so stingy that he made Alice Gregory walk. Walt Arnold was so lazy that he retired from the lawn-tennis tournament next day after the first game, and——"

"We all know the terrible change that came over those poor young men," sniffed Mrs. Talbot. "Their own mothers hardly knew them. Their own fathers could hardly endure them. It was awful. Thank Heaven, my dear boy wasn't invited. But poor Mrs. Phipps? She lost her boy altogether. What did you do with Hilary?"

"Well, you see," said Deborah, "after I had filled his brain with the choicest morsels of those other souls, I found him just coming back to consciousness. He sat up and said——"

"I know," interposed Miss Malkin, who knew storybooks "He said,'Where am I——'"

"No. He said, 'Who am I?'"

"Well, who was he?" murmured Mrs Talbot. "It's getting kind of cold in here. I feel a draught."

Deborah herself was a bit frightened. This traffic in souls was a grewsome business. Her voice became an uncanny whispering

"I was afraid of him at first. But he kept saying, 'Who am I? Who am I, please? I can't seem to remember whether my name is Hilary or Alan or Walter Phipps or Gilbert or Jule—or what.'"

Deborah shivered and went on: "Suddenly I remembered that I had always wanted a husband named Leicester Vander Veer. So I told him that that was his name."

Mrs. Talbot leaped to her feet. "Do you mean to say that Leicester Vander Veer was a patchwork crazy quilt?"

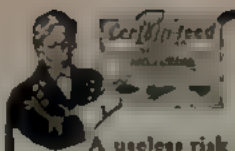
He was my synthetic husband," said Deborah, with a return of pride.

"But Hilary Phipps had coal-black hair and your husband had—he was almost an albino."

'Peroxide," said Deborah. "I always admired what they call the blond beast. Most intellectual women long for a blond beast as a pet. So when I got Leicester home——"

"How on earth did you do that?"

"You see, when he woke up, he was very much bewildered; he had an awful headache."



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"No wonder," said Miss Malkin "with seven souls crowding into the one pate. That wasn't a brain, that was a boarding house."

Deborah nodded. "And it took some time to assimilate all those forces to that me hamish. At first the monster was like a man in a trance. I didn't dare take him back to the party. I didn't dare go home with him. So I talked to him as if I were a mesmerist, and showed him his watch—Hilary's watch—and I said, 'You stay here till one o'clock in the morning. You'll

hear the town clock strike, if it's too dark to see the watch. Then go down that alley for two blocks till you come to a barn with the door open. You walk through it and come up to the back porch on tiptoe, and I'll let you in." I made him repeat it till he had it by heart.

"Then I went back to the party, had a dance or two and some refreshments, and went home with my cousin. He took the midnight train. I told mother and father I was going to sit up and read. They were used to that, so they went to bed.

"I found a suit my father had told me to sell to an old clothes man and I brushed it up. I sat for an hour or so thinking everything out and trying to foresee every difficulty. I wrote my creature's future backward, the way people write detective stories.

"A little before one o'clock I tiptoed out to the barn and opened the alley door. Then I went back in the yard and waited. I was all trembly, and horribly terrified by what I had done. I was afraid that the creature I had manufactured might turn out to be another Frankenstein.

"You mean that family of Frankensteins that keeps the clothing store?" expostulated Mrs. Talbot. "Why, Hilary Phipps didn't look at all like one of those."

Deborah did not pause to explain. She was living the drama over. Her eyes were wild, her voice spooky.

"It wasn't very cold, but I had a chill. I had spasms of fright. What if I'd didn't understand or forgot this way, or came to me and became unmanageable? What if he resented my tampering with all those souls and took revenge—some ghoulish, unspeakable revenge. What if those seven souls fought with each other and would not live together? A thousand frightful possibilities occurred to me.

"But at last I heard a step crunching along the gravel in the alley. I saw a figure in the square of light of the barn door. The figure groped through, paused to close and fasten the door—you see, Jule Eggert's careful soul was already at work. The closing of the door blotted him from sight. The moon went under a cloud. I stood by a little stunted cherry tree, clinging to it to keep from falling.

"Then the moon jumped out from the cloud and I saw the tall figure of Hilary Phipps just passing me. I seized him by the elbow and he turned, stupidly, like a person waked out of a dream. I motioned him not to speak and to tiptoe, and holding him by the arm, I led him up the kitchen steps, guided him through to the library, put him in a chair, and locked the door. Somehow, he obeyed me. He sat there like a drunken dolt, every

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now and then frowning and passing his hand about his head as if it ached horribly."

"The poor man !" muttered Mrs. Talbot. But another phase of it shocked Miss Malkin. She demanded:

"Do you mean to say that you met a strange young man in the back yard, took him to your room and locked the door, while your folks were asleep upstairs ?"

'But she married him afterwards," said Mrs. Talbot.

Deborah rounded on Miss Malkin "That's what keeps women from accomplishing anything great in the world They're so afraid of being alone somewhere with somebody."

Miss Malkin snapped back:

"If you'd been a little more afraid of sitting out on garden walls and dabbling in men's souls—you'd be better off to-day."

Mrs. Talbot subdued her with: "Keep your curls on, Caroline, and let Debby tell the rest. Go on, Debby. I can't believe it, but it's awful."

"I talked with my man for an hour," said Deborah, "getting it out of his head that he was Hilary Phipps or any of the rest of his constituents, and finally I browbeat him into accepting the name I had picked out for him. Then I had an awful time getting him to let me bleach his hair. He had Walt Arnold's strength, you know. But I hypnoidized him finally, and blondined him with some peroxide we had in the medicine chest in the bathroom. By this time it was nearly morning. I laid out father's old suit and made him take off Hilary's clothes."

"Deborah !" screamed Miss Malkin.

"Oh, I left the room," said Deborah.

"Besides," reiterated Mrs. Talbot, "they were going to be married."

"When I came back," Deborah went on, "he was in father's clothes. They didn't fit very well, and he wasn't happy in them. When I made him put on one of father's already-tied ties, he became violent. He had Ferdy Draper's foppish ideas, you know, but I appealed to Alan Finlay's eagerness to oblige a lady, and he consented. Then I took Hilary's clothes down and burned them in the furnace."

Mrs. Talbot protested: "You might have found some worthy poor person and given them away."

"Yes, and myself with them ! No, I wanted to hide all traces of my—well, I won't say crime. By this time I heard the alarm clock upstairs and I knew mother would be down soon to get father's breakfast. I was in an awful fret, but at the last moment it occurred to me to hypnoidize Leicester and lock him in a closet."

"How did he breathe ?"

"There was a keyhole in the door," said Deborah. "In the afternoon I

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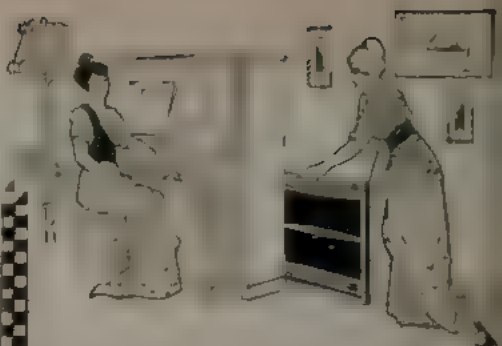

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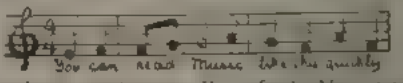

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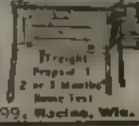

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 199, Racine, Wis.

shipped mother off to a sewing bee, and I got Leicester out of the closet and fed him and began to teach him the imaginary past I had invented for him, and the future he was to carry out for himself. He showed wonderful ability to learn. I put him back in the closet when mother came home. Mother was full of the great news of Hilary Phipps' disappearance, but of course nobody suspected me.

"That night, after the family was asleep, I brought him out again, and by this time he was in the scheme heart and soul—all his souls. I gave him all the money I had in the bank, and told him to slip out and take the midnight train to New York, and I wrote him a telegram to send me when he reached the city.

"In father's old clothes and with blond hair and needing a shave so badly, he never suggested Hilary Phipps to the men at the depot. They took him for a tramp. But the next day I got my telegram, and I felt that all was well. And I took a good sleep and went out to hear what people had to say."

"I don't know how you dared show your face anywhere," Mrs. Talbot stormed. "I should think you would have been afraid to look anybody in the eye. But I remember now that everybody said you were as cheerful as a lark."

"Of course I was," Deborah answered stoutly. "I was thinking of the marvelous thing I had done. I had not only provided myself with an ideal husband, but I had brought into the world a perfect soul. I had taken seven ordinary cubs and made one extraordinary superman out of them Who wouldn't have felt proud ?"

"But think of those poor mothers," Mrs. Talbot protested. Deborah answered with vigor.

"Oh, I suppose that a lot of mothers cried when Columbus and his crew set out for America. The world would be a pretty place if women's tears were to be allowed to stop all progress."

Mrs. Talbot was not prepared to argue general principles; she was hungry for the rest of the story.

"So you sent your man to New York by himself. New York's an awful wicked place to send a young man, Debby. Still, I suppose you felt safe, seeing as you had given him so little money."

"Oh, no, he took my fifty dollars, and with Jule Eggert's financial gifts he doubled it before he'd been in town a day. Ferdy Draper took him out and bought him some fine clothes and a safety razor, and Jule Eggert took him into Wall Street—in spite of the protests of the other fellows in his head. There Gil Cameron's imagination and Ralph Pelton's memory helped him. In a few days he was making a sensation and a fortune."

Miss Malkin intervened. "I should have hated to have a fionsav of mine in New York alone, especially if he was as handsome as all get-out. How could you control him ?"

"Telepathy," said Deborah.

"Oh !" said the women both of whom were ready to accept anything as explained, provided it were explained by a word they could not understand. Deborah went on:

"So I went to work on my trousseau. Leicester got position as Warrenton representative of [illegible] and came here to live."

"Why didn't you go to New York ?"

"Oh, I was afraid of the effect of the life there. And I didn't think I had the right to rob Warrenton of all those souls."

"And so," Miss Malkin finished for her, "you were married and lived happily for about fifteen minutes afterwards

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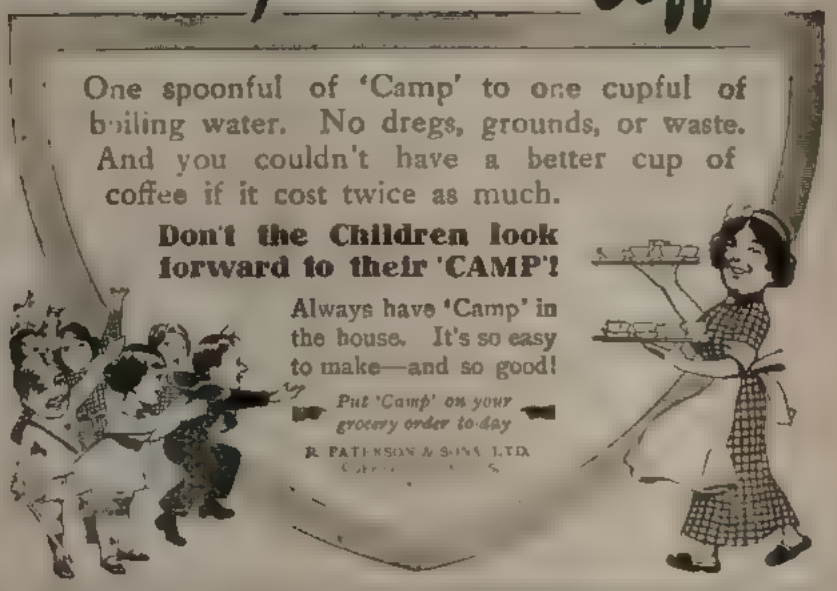
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"Just about," sighed Deborah.

"But what I can't understand," said Mrs. Talbot, "is *why* you weren't happy with that husband. Now a man like Will Talbot would try the patience of a saint, but you had an ideal husband cooked up to your own recipe. What was the matter with him? Didn't he jell?"

Deborah's workmanship was impugned. She bristled:

"Nothing was wrong with him. He was the most perfect man in the world—except for that mustache. I'd rather not have had the mustache. But I thought a blond one would help disguise his looks, and I taught him to hold himself erect and to walk well, so that Hilary's own mother didn't know him when she met him."

"But why wasn't your marriage happy?" Mrs. Talbot pleaded. 'I can't see why it shouldn't have been the happiest marriage ever known."

"Me neither," squeaked Miss Malkin.

Deborah was strangely moved; she seized Mrs. Talbot's right hand and Miss Malkin's left in hers: "Oh, thank you both for saying that!"

"How's that?"

"It shows me that you are both just as big fools as I was. But, on second thoughts, can't you see how hideous it must be to live with a perfect man?"

"Do you mean a man that thinks he's perfect?" sniffed Miss Malkin.

"No, I mean a perfectly perfect man."

Mrs. Talbot pondered skeptically: "Well, after living thirty years with Will Talbot, I guess I'd risk a little perfection."

Deborah shook her head: "Oh, but you'd regret it. Can't you see the horror of it? Imagine living with a man who has no frailties, no faults who never has anything to apologize for—who is always right! Think of it—always!

"He never gave me any cause to be angry at him. So I got angry at him for that. We never could have a good exhilarating quarrel, because he wouldn't fight back. He just said 'Poor girl, I'm sorry I upset you.' He always treated my temper as a misfortune I couldn't help. It robbed me of every shred of self-respect.

"I could never forgive him for not giving my powers of forgiveness a chance. He was so merciful that it was nauseating. We never could have the bliss of a nice bitter spat, where each says outrageous things and then feels ashamed and sorry and both kiss and make up and cling all the closer together. I could never boss him around. I was afraid of him. I could never mother over him, and say, 'The poor boy means well; he's just hasty.' The awful fiend always meant well,

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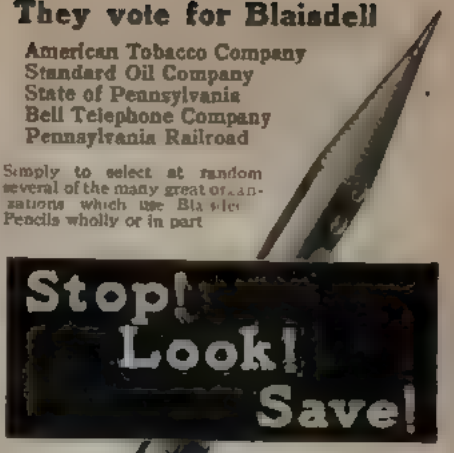

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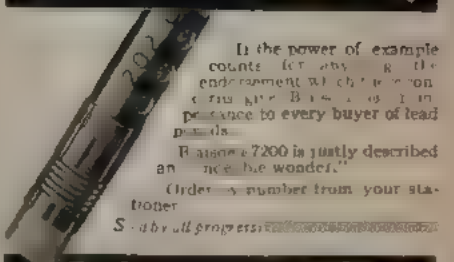

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but he was never hasty. I could never look down on him as a woman looks down on a man. My intuition never outran his intelligence.

"And he was so eternally, infernally sweet. If I brought home a nice, toothsome piece of gossip, it seemed to pain him. If I got mad at anybody, he always saw both sides of the case. He had such artistic sense that I was afraid to buy anything to wear for fear it would hurt him.

"He never complained of the bills, because he made money enough to pay them on the dot; but he made me look like a silly fool, and he never said a word. I could just feel that big seven-cylinder brain working it out as it ought to have been managed.

"He liked everybody, was generous to everybody, admired every beautiful thing or person in the world. I was a mere incident. He loved me; but he loved everybody. His tenderness began to look just like politeness. His character was like a huge sheet of ice. There were no roughnesses to cling to. He froze me by his transparent perfection.

"And he had no individuality! No prejudices, no excesses. He was just a lot of abstract qualities. I wasn't married to a man, I was married to a bundle of tracts. I was married to seven ideal characters—a syndicate of all the virtues. And I got so I abhorred the thought of virtue. He got on my nerves till I wanted to dig my nails into him, just to see if blood would spurt—or milk.

"One day I grew hysterical and I turned on him and told him how maddeningly, loathsomely, boresomely divine he was, and that he was utterly unfit to be the husband of a mere human being. He didn't get mad; he just signed and murmured:

" 'I'm sorry, my dear, that I turned out so badly. What a pity it was that, while you were compounding the prescription that you call Me, you didn't rob the young ladies in town and fit yourself out with a complete set of womanly perfections.'

"For a moment I was tempted to try it; then I realized that it meant the destruction of myself. I should be committing soul suicide. There's nothing anybody clings to like one's own self-hood.

"But I realized that he was right and that I had married myself off to a foreigner from another world, or rather from no world at all; that we should never, never be able to understand each other, and that I should end in a madhouse unless I escaped.

"It was then that I fled from his odious presence and slammed the door on the beastly angel I had built. In this state they grant divorces on the ground of incompatibility, and my uncle is a lawyer, who arranged it beautifully. If ever there was incompatibility on this earth, we had it with a vengeance. But I am free—thank Heaven, I'm free."

The overwrought girl sank back in her chair in a swoon of rapture. When she opened her eyes, Mrs. Talbot was at the door

"Where are you going?" said Deborah.

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216 Franklin Building, Chicago.

"Home to my husband I owe him thirty years of apologies"

Miss Malkin lingered, still tempted to believe that she could have done better with almost any kind of man—even a hopelessly perfect specimen. The door opened and Mrs. Talbot reappeared to say

"After you delivered your monster, do you suppose he took his own advice and tried to build himself a perfect wife out of those seven girls?"

"Undoubtedly," said Deborah.

"And that experiment didn't succeed any better than the other, you think?"

"Of course not. Can you see the home life of two absolutely perfect beings—with no quarrels, no mistakes, no leaning on each other, no bitternesses to make the sweet sweet? Just one Sahara desert of monotonous level! I wonder they didn't murder each other. But of course they were too perfect to do that. So their only escape was to dash off in opposite directions.

"What do you suppose has become of them?" Miss Malkin asked in a shuddery awe.

"I suppose that they are wandering over the world, looking for happiness, and dying of loneliness. He's driving some poor woman frantic with his perfections, and she's driving some poor man to drink with hers."

"Thank Heaven, they'll never come back to Warrenton," said Mrs. Talbot. "Come along, Caroline. Good-night, Deborah"

"Good-night. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Talbot, unless he has some other engagement, you might ask Mark to call this evening. I'd be gald to see him."

That night, while Mrs. Talbot and Miss Malkin were spreading the alarming news like a pair of Pauline Reveres, Deborah Bland was grimly feeding to the stove in her den bulky tomes groaning with huge words and metaphysical fol-de-rol. They were dry enough to make a supernormal blaze

She was surprised at her task by an uncanny, Poe's-raven-y tap-tapping on a window pane. It was repeated thrice before she recruited courage enough just to turn her head on its axis Through the glass darkly she described the figure of the husband she had manufactured—her *opus* first and last.

The window opened on the porch, and before she could move or cry out, he raised the sash and clambered in.

"Wha-wha—d'you wa-wa?" was the best she could say, and he answered in a desperate whisper

"I want to be disbanded."

She only stared and stuttered, so he explained:

"This morning I passed a small shop where they do job printing. A compositor was taking a frame of type apart and distributing the letters to their different cases. I want to be distributed."

This appalling demand froze her completely. But he melted her with the old appeal:

"My seven mothers are longing for me"

She wept comfortably at this, but retorted: "What of your seven mothers-in-law? Where is your wife?"

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As Simple as A.B.C. because it is nothing but the first 7 letters, A.B.C.D.E.F.G., printed in the music instead of the puzzling characters and signs found in ordinary music. A chart and guide for use on the piano keyboard (see illustration above) shows you where to put the fingers of both hands. Anyone can learn to play the piano or organ in a few minutes

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In order to prove to you that all we say is true, we will mail you the entire method and 100 pieces of music for 7 days' FREE Trial. Keep it 7 days to prove to your own satisfaction ... your 7 day Free ... your piano or organ? Address EASY ... MUSIC CO., 327 Wilson Building, Toronto, Can.

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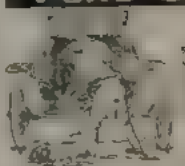

Throw away your crank, start from the seat with a ...

GEO. W. MacNEIL
38 Richmond, W., Toronto

"I found her on your porch, too. She is just dying to die."

Deborah pondered a long, anxious while, then shivered with sudden resolution: "You unravel her, and then I'll distribute you."

Leicester Vander Veer seized her hand and kissed it before he went to the window and helped his ephemeral wife. Then the scholarly portion of the man's brain moved him to salute Deborah with one glorious farewell: "*Ave, creatrix, nos morituri te salutamus*"

It would be contrary to public policy to describe what happened then, for there are certain processes which are better kept from the general knowledge, lest careless persons experiment with them disastrously.

It must suffice to say that in a little while six young ladies in town sat up with a start in their six beds with six violent headaches, recovering from which the next morning they proved to be entirely their old selves. And Miss Ivy Lynn, the long-lost and well-wept, was found knocking at her own door. When her astounded and disheveled father let her in, she paralyzed him with a familiar cry of:

"Get busy with the veal, fond parents, the prodigal daughter has come home. Don't ask me where I've been, because I don't know, and I didn't like it."

Meanwhile, a classic witch at her incantation, Deborah Bland was dissolving the parliament that had been Leicester Vander Veer. Six young men woke the next morning with chaotic befuddlements concerning wild nightmares. Ferdy Draper made for the barber; Walt Arnold reached for his dumb-bells; Jule Eggert began to think money while he shaved, and the others of the six resumed their customary characters.

About midnight a wild cry of joy was heard from the Phipps household. Mrs. Phipps, wakened by the doorbell, looked out of the window and found her Hilary on her front step. She fled downstairs barefooted and gathered him to her aching heart. She telephoned all the neighbors the next morning the glad tidings that her boy was home.

The neighbors have not seen him yet, for he refuses to leave the house until his hair has gone back to its original color, and his mother does not care how long that takes.

Most of the people in town are not speaking to Deborah Bland these days, but Mark Talbot is speaking to her every evening. And every now and then she amazes him by sudden exclamations such as this:

"You dear old dunderhead, you've got a million faults and I adore them all. We shall be so blissfully unhappy together!"

Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill. by Westclox

For That Big Monday

RIGHT after that short Saturday—for a running start at that bunch of work Monday morning, and a prompt get-away at five-thirty to a hot dinner at home—Big Ben.

Set him for any hour you wish. He will have you at the desk at any time you say—with one straight five-minute ring that can't miss fire or with ten gentler taps every other half minute for ten minutes.

Big Ben stands seven inches high with a clear deep-toned bell, large black hands and bold numerals which show up clearly in the dim early light.

His price is $2.50 in the States—$3.00 in Canada. See him at your dealer's. If not there, a money order to his makers, "*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,*" will bring him to your address—postpaid.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 325.

find in hot-houses, an', moreover, they're sweeter, an' the woods an' meadows an' lanes an' waysides do be blooming wid wild flowers. Wan thing I'll tell ye, though it may be cracking up your paper an' swellin' your hat-band. This little "mag" you're workin' wid is clane an' sound an' dacent. I'd break your head, oul man, if you wor workin' for thim other kind."

Did you ever hear the like of him—sour old gink, and yet the dearest and wisest—for the Man at the Cross-roads is no fiction image. He is not made of lath and plaster. He is not like those gods of "staff" we see at Exhibitions looking as strong and beautiful, and see some weeks afterwards streaked with rain-marks and cracks. He's a real old wise, sane fairy-man who accompanies the Pedlar in that inefficient chap's travels; guides and lectures him and occasion-

Let the Knox Cooks cut your "high cost of living"

It isn't necessary to stop eating delicious desserts, puddings, salads, etc., to economize. For by using

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

you can make quickly and cheaply all these dainty dishes.

The gelatine in each package is so divided that the housewife can use it to serve a small family or a large party—each package makes TWO QUARTS (½-gallon) of jelly—enough to serve sixteen people.

This Evening Serve a Knox Snow Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine 1 cup sugar. Whites of two eggs ½ pint cold water, ½ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons

Soak the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is very light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in a mould. Serve with thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar. Different fruit juices may be used in place of part of the hot water.

NOTE If you use Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which contains Lemon Flavor, you will not need to buy lemons.

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An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

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ally puts up his dukes against him. But, faith, he's not to be beaten for he's Mr. Dooley and Pete Dunne rolled into one.

To revert to our "sheeps." There are three worth while new books. Two by Birmingham, the latest apostle of Ireland, and a delightful bundle of quaint Scottish wit and sad humour, aptly called "Thistledown," by Robert Ford. The illustrations in all three books are little gems of art, the art which understands humour, pedantry, sport and religion. To give you an inkling, or rather a wink into the delightful humour of Scots folk:—

During the time of the great Russian war a countryman accepted the Queen's shilling, and very soon thereafter was sent to the front. But he had scarcely time to have received his baptism of fire when he turned his back on the scenes of carnage, and immediately struck off in a bee-line for a distant haven of safety. A mounted officer intercepting his retreat demanded to know where he was going.

"Whaur am I gawn?" said he. "Hame, of course; man, this is awfu' wark; they're just killin' ane anither ower there."

. . . . . .

It is odd—"quare," the crusthore of the Crossroads would call it, but upon relating the above story to a Scots-Canadian, he was immensely riled. "You wouldn't tell that story if it had been an Irish one," said he. But I would if I had any such quaint-canny story to tell of my dear improvident country.

To resume:—

Two old Scots matrons were discussing current events. "Eh, woman," said one, "I see by the papers that oor sodgers have been victorious again."

"Ah, nae fear o' oor sodgers," replied the other. "They'll aye be victorious, for they aye pray afore they engage wi' the enemy."

"But do you no think the Germans 'ill pray too?"

"The Germans pray! Yatterin' craturs! The Laird would no ken what they said."

. . . . . .

"Anither bawbe, mistress," said the grocer. "Cawnils are up on account o' the war."

"Eh, me!" said the good woman. "An' can it be the case that they really fecht wi' cawnil licht?"

. . . . . .

The whole book is delicious—God love ye Scots man but we have laughed and wept with ye.

Birmingham's Irish stories are somewhat different. I find them pervaded with the Celtic melancholy which lies under the froth of Irish humour. I shall never forget the horror of "mine own people" when once on a visit to the saddest land on the top of the earth, one mentioned with joy, the laughter-loving stories of Ross and Somerville.

"And to think Cauthleen, that you would forget that not only is Ireland the Niobe of Nations, but as well, she has been called the Buffoon of the World!"

"Gracious!" we said, "and what better title than the last? To make

12 Years Without Corns

Blue-jay, for 12 years, has kept some people free from corns. Now nearly half the people who have corns end them in this way.

They simply do this:

Apply **Blue-jay** at night. It is done in a jiffy, and the pain ends from that moment.

In two days the corn is loosened. Then they lift it out. There is no pain, no soreness, and the corn is completely removed.

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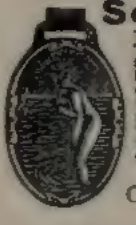

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C.M. BURK DISTRIBUTING CO.
140 Yonge Street, Toronto

everybody laugh ! to be happy ! what better employment in life !"

But the old ladies shook their heads; "You have got foreign and democratic ideas," they said, "you have forgotten poor old Ireland."

Well, perhaps, Birmingham, with brogueless stories will please them. He writes with insight, understanding, and a quiet sort of humour that is purely Celtic. And he writes with knowledge of an almost uncanny people that of itself is singularly racial. No outsider could write like that.

Let us hope that two blessed old Connaught ladies will be satisfied.

OUR BOYS.

THERE is rather an opinion expressed notably by one London weekly that the Canadians who have gone to help the Empire in her struggle against Germany are "too strenuous." Britain should learn, and remember that our boys are men of a higher class—if in a democratic country such a word may be used—than the men recruited from England, Ireland and Scotland. Very many Canadians who enlisted as privates are men of means. They went simply and purely out of a love that was fired by patriotism. There should be no criticism from Britishers at home. If conscription compelled us to send our men willy-nilly, why then, they might be talking; but the women of Canada gave their best and their beloved—all, in fact that made the comfort and joy of their lives—and surely no sour or undignified word should be printed in a British newspaper !

MY CANADA.

LOVE Canada. Though the "quare island," that dear holy and jolly place is my native land, I want when my grand day of release comes to lie under some wild little maple tree. Will you permit a poor Pedlar to talk personally for a minute ? When everything was lost at home, and, with empty Pack, I came to this dear Country, I found again a home, a living—and a great love for the sunny, the snowy land. Nor could I ever express my gratitude—only that when the call comes I hope to lie in the one country I know that is free and fair to all men.

That's why, that when they say anything that might reflect on our Canadian boys, some of the wild Celtic blood flames up and rushes in red ink into my pen.

K. OF K.

HAVE you read about K. of K's. cigarette ? Up came the War Lord to Salisbury in his motor. It was night. The motor purred, then stopped. A tall man pussy-footed it across to the camps. It was an Irish-Canadian (bless the breed) who was doing sentry go, and smoking a cigarette at the same time, just like Pat Canuck.

"Who goes there ?" says he with bitter gallantry.

"A friend," says Kitchener.

"Your business ?" asks Pat Canuck.

"Commander - in - chief inspecting," says the Big K.

"A surprise party ?" says me man. And then that delightful Irish-Canadian offered Himself a cigarette. And Himself took it.

"Can you bate it !" said the Cross-roads man. "We breed the stuff but Canada makes rale men of thim."

Which is partly true. For believe me or not, we have "rale men" yet in Old Erin. Thirty-six thousand of them answered the first call, and when you remember that emigration has decimated them, that's not a poor recruiting. No, sir.

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FOR THE WOMEN.

A WORD for the women. The whole face of the world has changed for what used to be called the "fair sex." They have done enormous work. And the patience of them! The suffering! Someone wrote the other day that women could weep in secret but that they *MUST* give up their men. As though they haven't given them! And helped them and prayed for them! Oh, those tears that are shed in the night! God love you — the dear mothers and wives and sweethearts and sisters of our boys! There is no glory, no triumph, no music or drum beating in this war for the Woman. Hers it is to suffer in silence, to weep, in the dark when all the house is asleep, those bitter, secret, dreadful tears that sear the eyeballs as they creep slowly across them and fall down the worn faces of old mothers.

Once I heard a preacher say:—"It will astonish you, men, when at the last you will see God call to His side the many women you have looked upon as footstools—or worse—"

Perhaps He who can wipe away all tears, will heed the noiseless weeping of the stricken women. Only He may console them, those poor fallen leaves from the Tree of War.

"If there were a world of women there would be no more wars." Oh, wouldn't there be? The Pedlar in his long life tramps knows a thing or two, but like Brer Rabbit—or was it Brer Fox—he is not likely to talk about it. He might get clawed again (he has been called many a time) and he feels little interest in the question.

THE WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.

A VIRILE female exclaims in the columns of a Saturday Post (by the way we wish that popular paper would exclude certain Jew stories—not dear Perlmutter and Potash).

"The question which the women of the future must decide is how far they are justified to their children and to themselves in practicing their devastating fidelity. I do not think they will ever be equal to the decision, for they are really devoted to men more than they are to their children or to themselves. The present situation affords abundant proof of that. They are serving war offices in a domestic capacity, to the injury of every other duty and without hope of reward. Strange fanaticism! Pathetic evidence that they are made to obey, not to think of or to save themselves. They are the vestals of love to whom Nature seems to deny strength of mind or will to determine their own fate."

But if we are not faithful wives and mothers—What?

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